

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,532

APRIL 8, 1899

THE
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AN
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WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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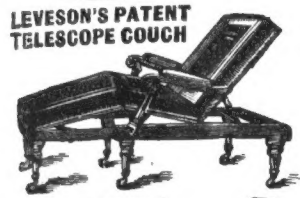
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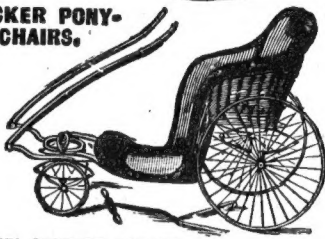
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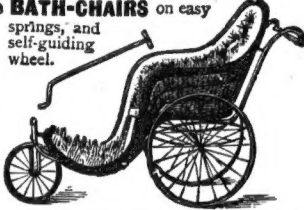
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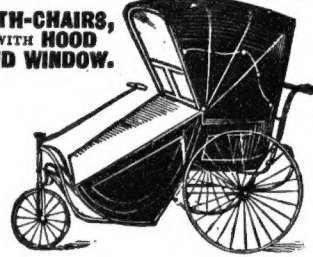
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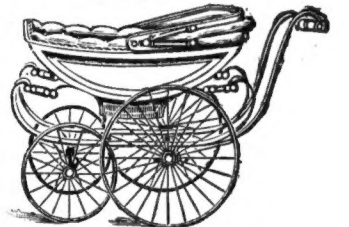
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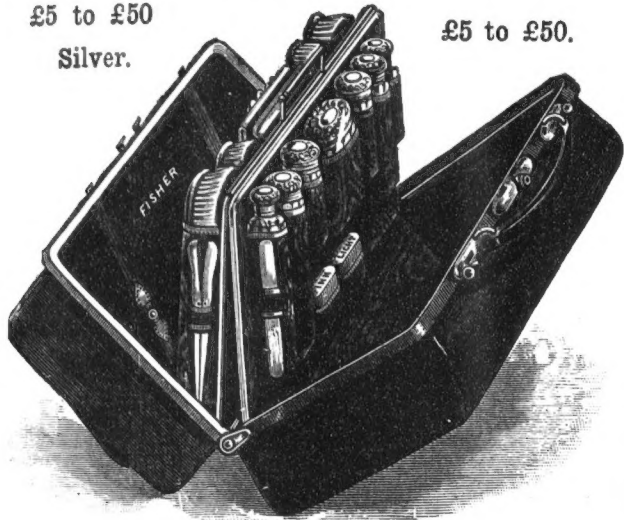
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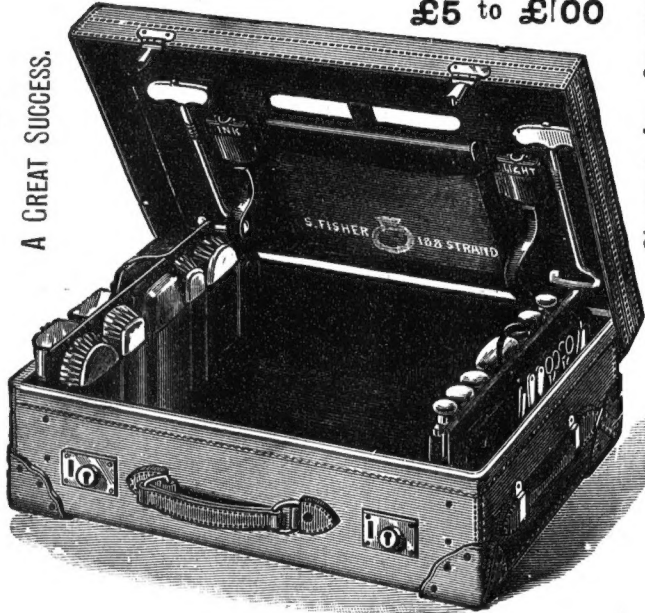
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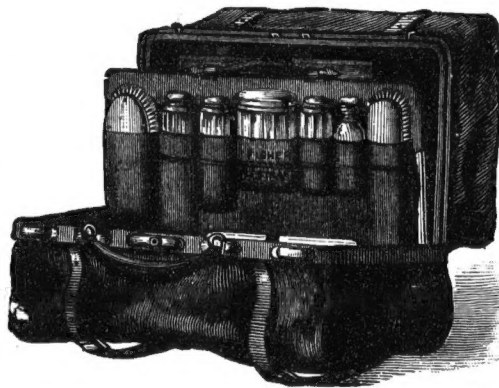
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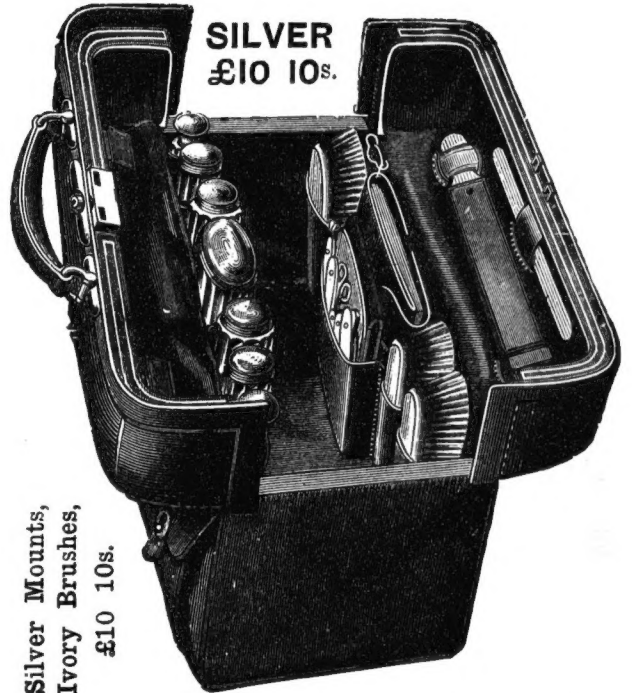
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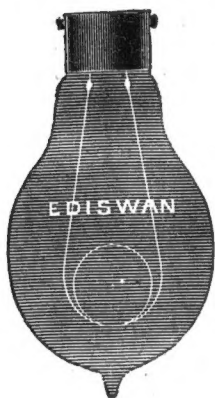
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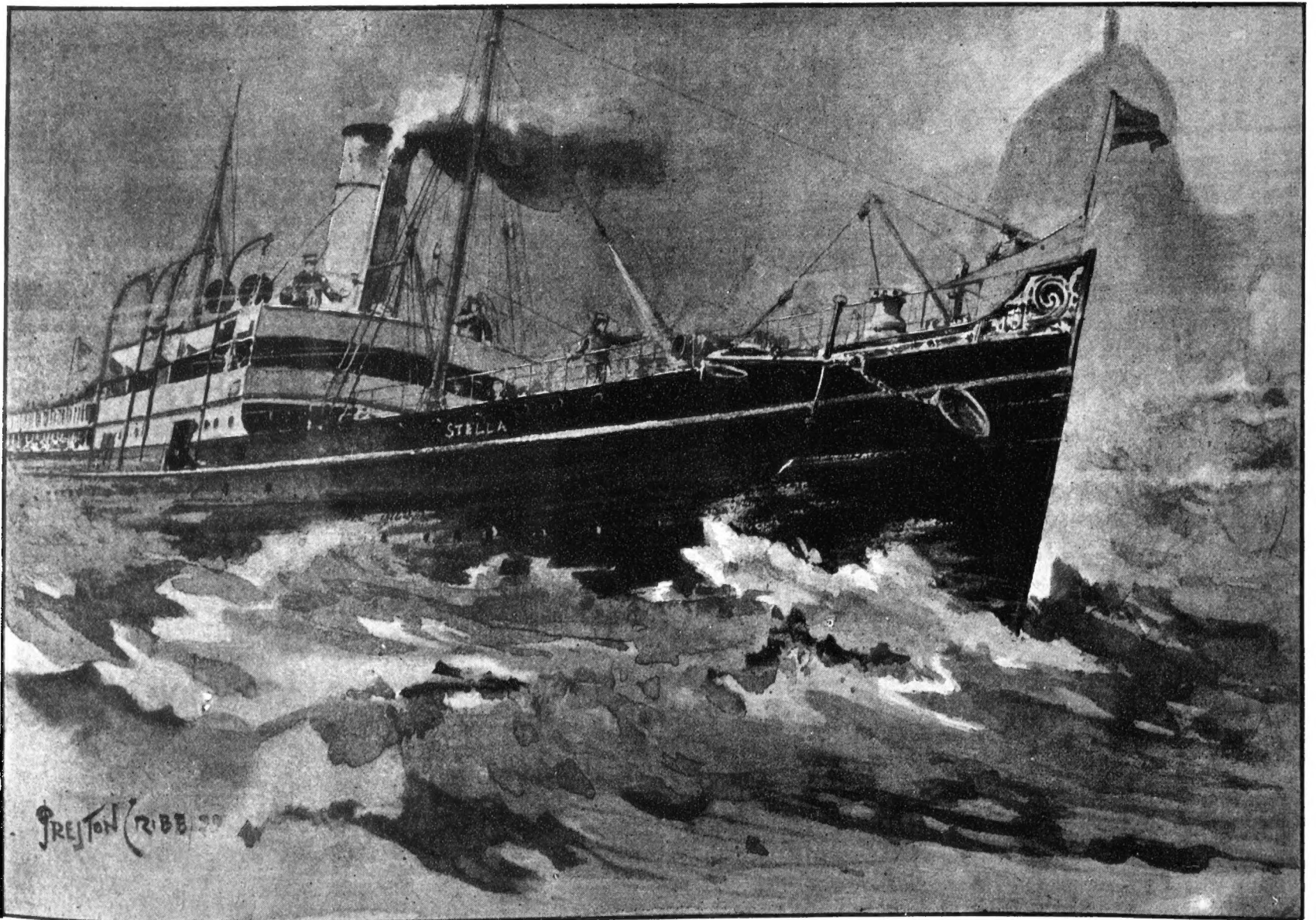


DRAWN BY G. K. JONES

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY A SURVIVOR

In some of the boats men burnt newspapers and letters to attract attention, and in the lifeboat under the charge of Mr. Reynolds, the second mate, a book was produced by one of the passengers, and burnt page by page

THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT: TRYING TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF PASSING SHIPS



DRAWN BY PRESTON CRIBB

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY A SURVIVOR

THE VESSEL AS SHE APPEARED IMMEDIATELY AFTER STRIKING THE SUBMERGED ROCKS
THE WRECK OF THE "STELLA" ON THE CASQUET ROCKS OFF ALDERNEY

Topics of the Week

THE Pacific Ocean seems destined to rival the The Egypt of African Continent in worrying the European Foreign Offices. It has already been a source of not a few anxieties. There has been a Tahiti Question, a New Hebrides Question, and a Caroline Islands Question, while Hawaii and the Philippines have marked the first menacing stages of American Imperialism. The most complicated of all the Pacific problems is, however, that of Samoa—a sort of Pacific Egypt, with the difference that instead of being plagued with a condominium it is scourged by what Herr von Buelow calls a "tri-dominium." During the last fourteen years Samoa has been a burning international question, over which Great Britain, the United States, and Germany have perpetually snarled and haggled. Ten years ago an attempt was made to solve it by means of a Conference which met in Berlin—the classic home of international pacts which settle nothing—and a Treaty was drafted and signed. Since then the jealousies of the three Powers in Samoa have been further complicated by controversies regarding the exact meaning and scope of the Treaty by which these relations were supposed to be regulated. These bickerings have, of course, reacted on the domestic politics of the islands. Rival dynasties have only been encouraged in their rivalries by the discordant example of the Protecting Powers, and the disorders they have promoted have helped still further to set the Powers by the ears. What with unyielding statesmen in Europe, ebullient factions in Samoa, and tetchy consuls at Apia, the wonder is that the question has been kept within diplomatic bounds. At the present moment it is in a state of crisis owing to a concordance of all these irritating elements in a more than usually angry condition. There has been civil war in Upolu, a consular quarrel at Apia, and a violent newspaper controversy between London, Berlin, and New York, and, finally, owing to circumstances not yet fully explained, there has been an Anglo-American bombardment of Apia and a German protest. The seriousness of this crisis seems happily to have convinced the three Governments that the time has arrived for finally solving the Samoan Question, and with this view it has been determined to appoint a Tripartite High Commission to make an inquiry on the spot, and suggest a scheme by which peace may be permanently restored to the Archipelago and the aspirations of the competing Powers satisfied. This, at any rate, we assume to be the object of the Commission. To attempt to patch up the present situation on the "tri-dominium" basis would be to ignore all the experience of the last ten years, and to court very serious dangers in the future. International partnerships in the control of foreign countries do not work well. The experiment has been tried in recent times in Egypt and Korea with disastrous results, and we may depend upon it that if it is persisted in in Samoa it will only lead to greater evil. Threegreat Powers will, however, scarcely permit themselves to quarrel over so absurdly small a question, and the best way to avoid a quarrel is to give up a partnership which has shown itself to be obviously unworkable. Starting from this premise it will not be difficult to reach a solution satisfactory to everybody except the hardened mischief-makers.

It is satisfactory to learn from military experts that the work done by the Volunteers who went campaigning at Eastertide was, for the most part, of a thoroughly practical character. More and more every year the ornamental—or what used to be so considered—has to make room for the useful; the sham fights may be, as with the Regulars, less instructive than entertaining, but during the evolutions both officers and men pick up a good deal of practical knowledge of soldiering. Their marching power, too, is far better than one might have anticipated, bearing in mind the large number who are engaged in sedentary occupations from year's end to year's end. The rank and file carry themselves with a fine, soldierlike swing, and rarely appear overburdened by their *impedimenta*. That is, unless they are called upon, as sometimes happens through *trop de zèle* on the part of commanding officers, to perform really heroic feats of marching. The plucky young fellows set their teeth hard and go through it with dogged courage when their grit is tested in that rough way. But some of them suffer in health later on, and so shirk the Easter outing on the next occasion. Mounted officers should remember that it is one thing to cover twenty-five miles at a

stretch, on horseback, with nothing heavier than a sword to carry, but quite another to trudge the same distance on foot with a rifle, a lot of ammunition and other baggage.

Will Siam succeed, as Japan has succeeded, in re-forming and re-modelling her social and political institutions on European lines? The two peoples are so entirely different that it would be extremely venturesome to hazard any prediction. This may be said, however: since returning from his visit to the Western World, King Chulalongkorn has effected real wonders of administrative improvement. Seeing what English guidance had done in the case of Egypt, he conceived the happy idea that it could hardly fail to benefit his own dominions. He accordingly borrowed some able Civil servants from both England and India, and gave them almost free hands in their several departments. Precisely the same results have followed as the same instrumentality produced in Nileland. Sound finance has replaced radically unsound; an efficient police force takes the place of a wholly incapable organisation; in fine, there is progress towards the higher civilisation in all directions except one. Although full of potentialities of wealth, the kingdom has but one railway, a line connecting Bangkok with Korat. It is of no use whatever, the amount of trade between the two cities being quite microscopic, and not at all likely to increase. But should the King build a line through the rich Menam Valley to Zimme on the northern frontier, the rails, sleepers, and rolling stock of the Korat fiasco could be transferred and turned to profitable account. There are thousands of square miles in the Upper Menam Valley which only require cultivation to produce sufficient rice to feed half the population of China.

The Late Baroness de Hirsch

BARONESS CLARA DE HIRSCH AUF GEREUTH, widow of Baron Maurice de Hirsch, who died last week at her residence in the Rue de l'Elysée, Paris, was a daughter of the Belgian senator and banker, M. Bischofsheim, and was born at Antwerp on June 18, 1833. She married M. Maurice de Hirsch in June, 1855. Her husband, the son of a small banker at Munich, had entered the Brussels house with a view to learning the business. His marriage with the accomplished daughter of his principal helped largely to give him the financial opportunities of which he availed himself so richly. When Baron de Hirsch became a millionaire he settled with his wife in



BARONESS DE HIRSCH

Paris, and until the death of her only son Lucien, she presided over the brilliant hospitalities of the mansion in the Rue de l'Elysée which her husband purchased from the ex-Empress Eugénie. The larger part of the enormous fortune left her by her husband will now fall to the Jewish Colonisation Association, whose capital will thus be increased to nearly 7,000,000*l*.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

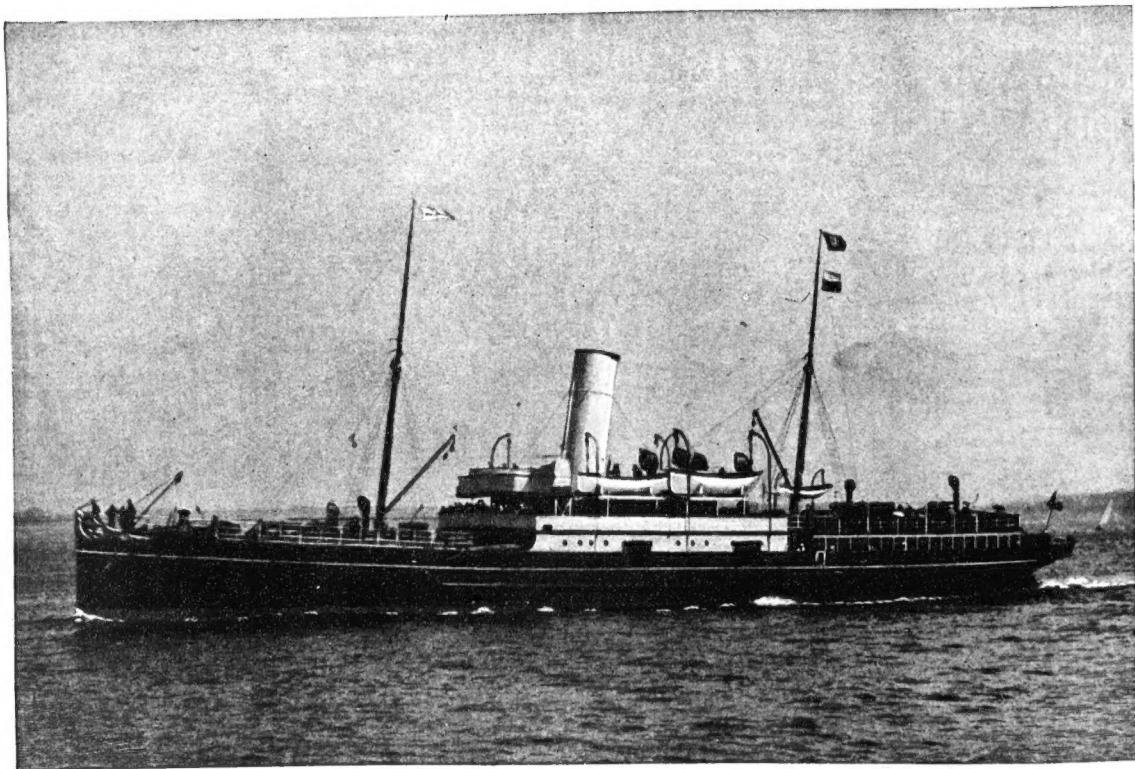
WHAT are called the Easter Holidays are, I should say, some what of a modified pleasure. I have been in town throughout this period, and that is a thing that I may be allowed to congratulate myself upon. Travelling at this season is misery, and most of the places you travel to are infinitely more uncomfortable and overcrowded than London. In town, provided you do not go out of doors, you may be tolerably comfortable, though there is a strangeness about the season, coupled with the closed shops and the absence of the postman, that makes you think you may be dreaming. You seem to be passing through a series of secular Sundays, and you are not quite certain whether it is the day before yesterday, the day after to-morrow, next Saturday fortnight, or last Wednesday week. There has been an unreality about London that has been absolutely maddening, and it was with the greatest joy that I welcomed Tuesday morning and the return to honest daily labour and sound common sense. All this uncomfortableness and disappointment might be avoided if people would agree not to all have holidays at the same time. I am distinctly in favour of holidays; let us by all means have as many as we can get, but in the name of all that is reasonable let some of us mind shop when the others play, and let them perform the same good office for us when we require relaxation. The universal Bank Holiday is from a recreative point of view an absolute failure.

Three weeks ago—after close observation of the plans of the new street from Holborn to the Strand—I called attention to the unnecessary proposed wreckage of that fine row of houses on the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and I am glad to find that further attention is being called to the matter in a recent article on the locality in the *Daily Telegraph*. Says the writer of this interesting paper—*apropos* of the new thoroughfare:—"When the scheme was published one of the arguments in its favour was that it would not necessitate the removal of any historic features, and the inclusion of this row in the schedule appears to be peculiarly wanton and unnecessary." Everyone will cordially agree with this, and it is sincerely to be hoped that immediate and energetic means will be taken to prevent this unnecessary and vandalistic scheme being carried out.

My remarks with regard to the demolishing of the old Red Lion in Parliament Street have caused general attention to be called to the quaint old tavern, and great regret has been expressed in many quarters that the ancient house, with all its pleasant associations with "David Copperfield," should have to give way to a more modern building. All these regrets, however, come a little late, for I was by the place only yesterday and found it well-nigh level with the ground, and with a small portion of the original building remaining inscribed, "Business carried on as usual during the alterations." Save to a few enthusiastic Dickensians this spot, in connection with the novelist, was but little known. It was perhaps better known, in this respect, in America. I can recall, well-nigh eleven years ago, giving a description of the hostelry when I was doing the London letter for Messrs. Scribner's *Book-buyer*, and as my letter used to be extensively reprinted and quoted all over the United States, and from communications I received on the subject at the time, and since, I have but little doubt I have been the indirect means of many Americans visiting the aforesaid hostelry, and taking a glass of ale while they endeavoured to realise the scene in "David Copperfield."

By the way, Parliament Street and Whitehall, now that so many houses have been demolished on both sides of the street, is becoming a mighty pleasant place. The worst of it is, though extensive open space will be acquired, many of the houses will be rebuilt, and not a few will be carried to twice the height of the former occupants of the ground. This erection of enormously high buildings is becoming an important matter, as it is seriously affecting both the light and air of London. If it cannot be peremptorily stopped, it should be heavily taxed. A good deal has been written lately with regard to new taxes, but I do not fancy anybody has yet thought of the tax I propose. Surely those who shut out our light and our air for their own convenience should compensate us for their privilege, and I would have every building above a reasonable height heavily taxed according to its rental. Something undoubtedly should be done. For not only is London becoming overcrowded with bricks and mortar laterally, but the nuisance is increasing to such an extent vertically that it threatens to obscure our view of the sky.

For many years past I have been drawing attention to those who habitually interrupt the traffic of London by turning the public streets into private yards at the expense of the ratepayers. Therefore I am delighted at reading a long article on the subject in the *Times* last Saturday. It is to be hoped everyone will read it, and hoped everyone will read it, and that it may have the effect of putting an end to an injustice which has existed in London a great deal too long.



WRECKED OFF AIDERNEY ON THE CASQUET ROCKS ON THURSDAY, MARCH 30, WITH A LOSS OF SEVENTY-FIVE LIVES
THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S STEAMER "STELLA"
Photo by W. Morris Phillips, Southampton

The Queen at Cimiez

FOR many years past the Queen has always been abroad at Easter, and this is the fourth Easter in succession that Her Majesty has spent at Cimiez. Happily the weather cleared up in time for the holidays, and the Queen and Princesses were much amused when driving through the crowds of holiday-makers, who greeted the Royal visitors most warmly. As usual, too, the Royal party witnessed some of the Roman Catholic church ceremonies of the season, such as the picturesque procession of Penitents, while the Princesses went to a special musical Service in the Cathedral. Both on Good Friday and Easter Day the English Church Service was held before the Royal party in the private chapel at the Hotel Regina, the Bishop of Ripon officiating. The little chapel was beautifully decorated on Sunday with roses, carnations, and lilies, the altar being handsomely vested in crimson and gold.

Thanks to the return of fine weather the Queen has been able to take several long excursions. Her Majesty especially enjoyed a visit to Aspremont, with the splendid views over the mountains seen during the drive. The Royal carriage stopped in the square opposite the church to receive a greeting from the mayor, and the people crowded into the square to salute the Queen with the utmost respect. Equally delightful was a long drive to the picturesque town of Tourettes de Levens, which passed through most charming country. St. Antoine is also a favourite resort, while Her Majesty often drives into Nice or down to the harbour at Villefranche. A few calls are also paid, such as to the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg at Beaulieu, to the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg at Fabron. There have been guests at dinner every night, including Admiral Sir John Hopkins, Commander-in-Chief on the Mediterranean Station, the Duchesse de Mouchy, Prince and Princess Essling, the Duke of Leuchtenberg and Lieutenant-Colonel Dawson, British Military Attaché at Paris. In the day Lord Salisbury is a frequent visitor, whilst Her Majesty has also received the Bishop of Nice and other local officials. On two evenings Signor Leoncavallo performed selections from his operas *Bohème* and *Pagliacci* before the Queen, who was so pleased with the music that a "command" performance of *Pagliacci* will probably be given at Windsor later on. Princess Beatrice has been staying at Bordighera with the Empress Frederick.

Before very long the Prince of Wales will be back in England after a thoroughly enjoyable stay at Cannes. The Riviera air always suits the Prince, who appreciates the freedom from official functions, and the pleasant friendly visiting which fills up his time. He practises steadily at golf with the Grand Duke Michael, and the evening finds him at dinner with friends in the various villas around. On returning home he will stay a few days at Sandringham, but there are plenty of engagements awaiting him in town, including a Levée on May 29. The Princess of Wales will not come home so early as her husband, having interrupted her yachting trip to pay a visit to her family at Copenhagen. The *Osborne* put into Naples, where Princesses Victoria and Maud remained, whilst the Princess of Wales started for Denmark. She travelled strictly *incog.* as the Countess of Chester, and spent a few days at Rome on her way to Copenhagen. She will only stay a short time with her father, and then rejoin her daughters on the *Osborne*.

The Duke and Duchess of York begin their Irish trip early next week, and though the visit to the Viceroy and Countess Cadogan is supposed to be private, it will include a great deal of festivity. Both the Duke and Duchess have returned to town this week.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

Under the Patronage of the QUEEN.

Established 1810.

At the Annual General Meeting of "The Artists' Benevolent Fund," the Report of the Committee was adopted. During the past year the sum of £1,153 10s. was distributed among thirty-three widows, who received grants varying from £20 to £50.

Since the foundation of the Fund, in 1810, the sum of £63,576 has been devoted to the relief of distressed Widows and Orphans of Artists.

A brilliant gathering is expected on the occasion of the Annual Dinner, to be held at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Piccadilly, on April 10th next, when Mr. William L. Thomas (Director of *The Graphic*) will preside, supported by the Marquess of Lorne, P.C., M.P., W. L. Orchardson, R.A., the Hon. H. H. Heaton, M.P., Sir William MacCormac, P.R.C.S., Sir H. Burdett, K.C.B., Mr. S. R. Crompton, Sir Walter Besant, Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P., Grant Allen, J. Aird, M.P., Lady Randolph Churchill, Sir H. B. Poland, Q.C., Sir E. T. Reed, K.C.B., Stanley Weyman, and others.

Those who sympathise with the objects of the Institution should send their donations to the Chairman's list, addressed to *The Graphic* Office, 190, Strand, and they will be acknowledged in *The Graphic* and *Daily Graph*.

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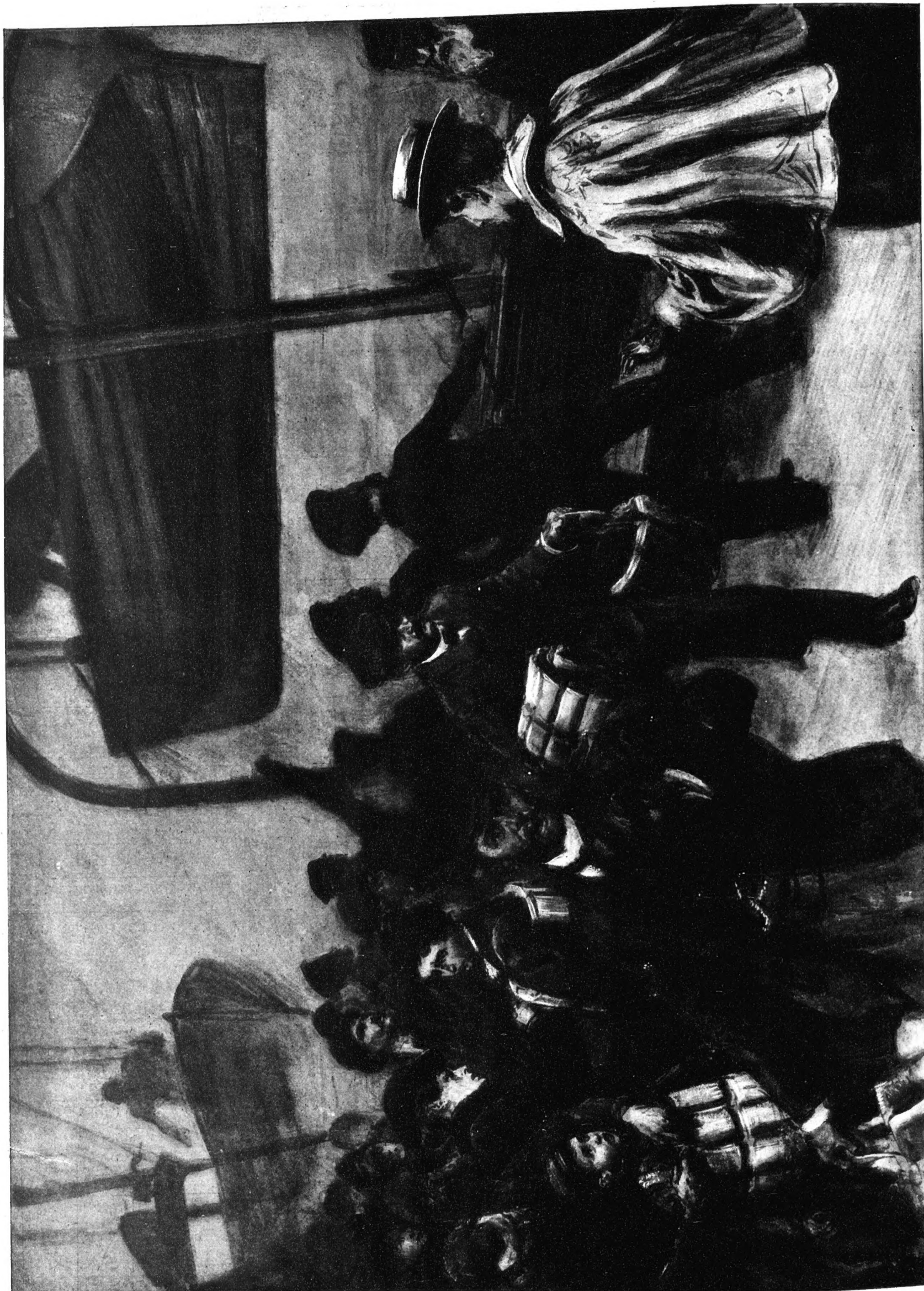
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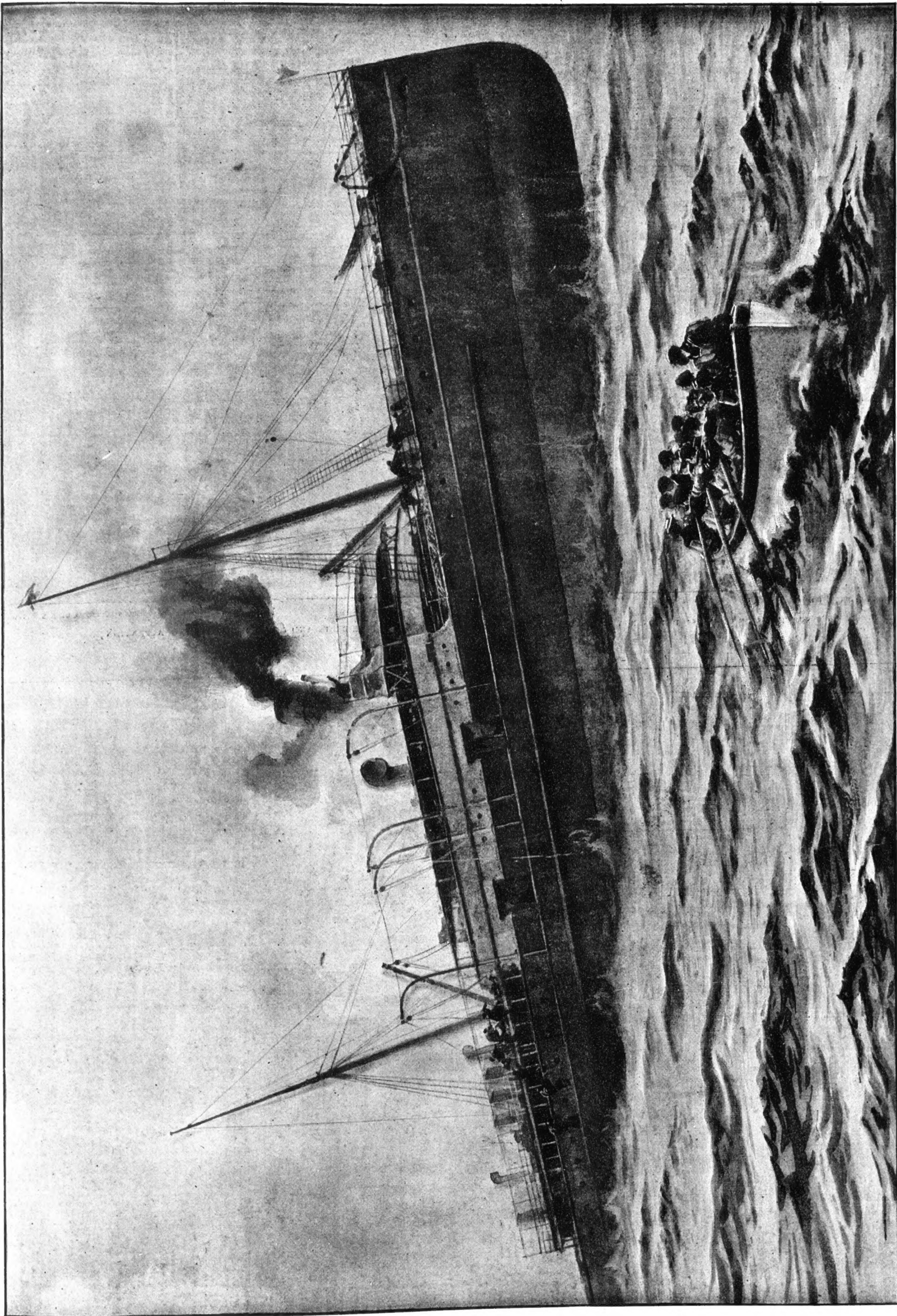
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FROM THE PICTURES SUPPLIED BY A SURVIVOR

The first care of the ship's crew was to see that everyone who provided with a life-belt, and the stewards served out these belts so swiftly and expeditiously that in a very brief time hardly a passenger was to be seen without one.

THE WRECK OF THE "STELLA"; SERVING OUT LIFE-BELTS TO THE PASSENGERS ON THE SALOON DECK

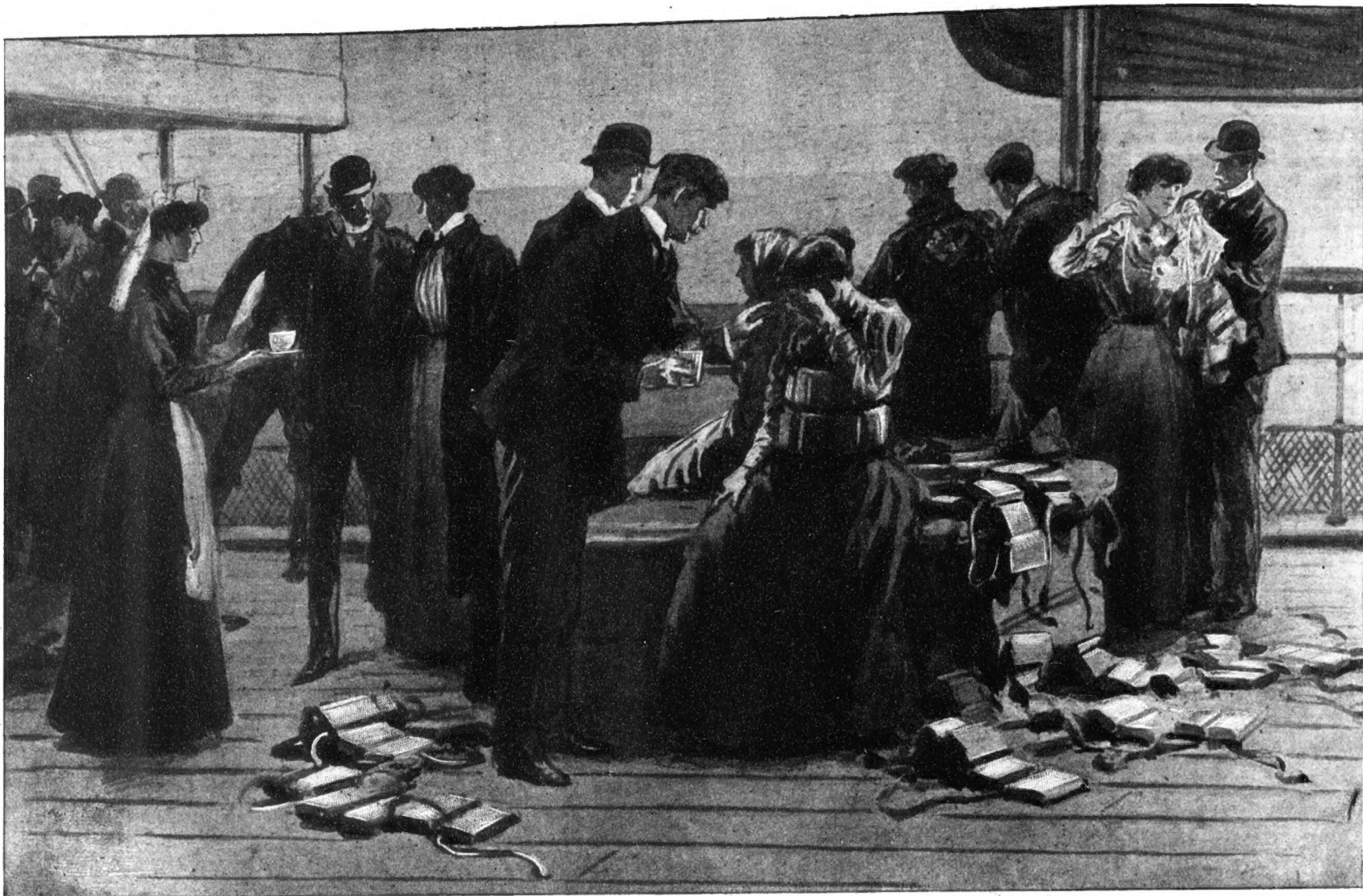


DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

The last boat, heavily laden, sheered off only just in time to escape being dragged back into the vortex caused by the now rapidly sinking ship. As they pulled desperately at the oars to get clear, the captain, who remained to the last at his post on the bridge, shouted to them, "Row for your lives!" but almost as soon as the words were uttered the steamer was seen to slide off the rocks stern first, turn over, and sink

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY A SURVIVOR

THE WRECK OF THE "STELLA"; THE LAST BOAT TO LEAVE THE SHIP



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY A SURVIVOR

SURVIVORS OF THE DISASTER ON BOARD THE "VERA" BEING RELIEVED OF THEIR LIFE-BELTS AND RECEIVING FOOD AND ATTENTION



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY A SURVIVOR

Immediately after the vessel had struck, Captain Reeks called out, "Lower away the boats," and then, when all was ready, "Women and children first." The women and children were already standing waiting, and they were passed down in so speedy and workmanlike a manner that within ten minutes all had been taken off

PASSING DOWN THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN INTO THE FIRST BOAT TO LEAVE THE SHIP

THE WRECK OF THE "STELLA"



CONVALESCENTS ON THE BALCONY AT ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUD

The Disaster in the Channel

THE WRECK OF THE "STELLA"

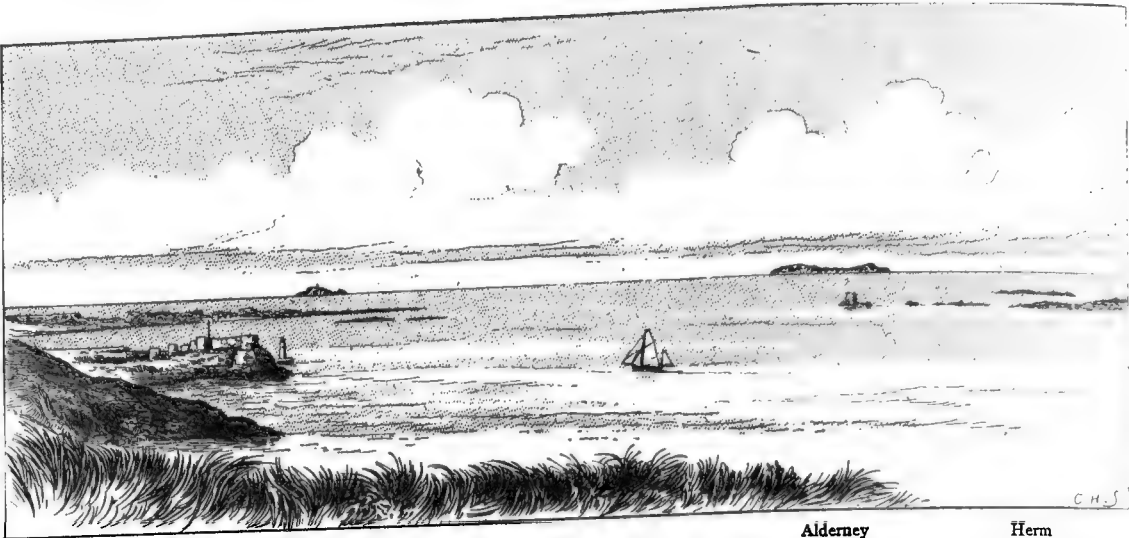
THE terrible disaster in the Channel, one of the most painful for many years, will long make this Easter memorable. The London and South-Western Railway Company's passenger boat *Stella* was one of the finest boats in the Channel service. She was making a special daylight trip to the Channel Islands on Thursday when in a dense fog she ran on the dreaded Casquets, eight miles



CAPTAIN REEKS
Photo by the Globe Photographic Company

to the west of Alderney, and foundered in fifteen minutes. Altogether the *Stella* carried about 180 passengers and crew. Over 100 have been saved, but it is feared that nearly 80 have perished, including the commander, Captain Reeks. The journey at first was uneventful, but there was some mist as the outer islands were approached, and at half-past three this settled down into dense fog. Captain Reeks judged that the fog was merely in banks, and that the best thing to be done was to run through it, but he found that so far from getting through it, he merely

lost his bearings, and then, almost without warning, the Casquets loomed up out of the mist, and the unfortunate ship rushed upon the jagged submerged rocks which form the continuation of the reef. In consequence of the speed at which she was going her side was ripped open right along, metal and woodwork being torn bodily from their fastenings, and the ominous nature of the disaster was at once apparent. There was, however, no panic, and if any-



Casquets Alderney Herm
THE CASQUETS AND ALDERNEY AS SEEN FROM GUERNSEY
From a Sketch by Colonel Harcourt

thing could mitigate the terrible nature of the tragedy it would be the splendid conduct of one and all who suffered by it. Captain Reeks from the bridge gave his orders firmly and quickly, and these were unhesitatingly obeyed by all his officers and men. The boats were got out and the passengers were provided with lifebelts, the ship meanwhile being only too palpably sinking. Nevertheless, the order "Women and children first" was faithfully obeyed, and with a speed and smartness beyond all praise the boats, with all the women and children, and with just sufficient seamen to navigate and work them, were clear of the sinking ship. After this two other ship's boats and two collapsible boats were lowered and lay alongside, awaiting the captain's next order, which quickly came, "Let the men look out for themselves." There was an instant rush for the boats, which were quickly filled and pulled away from the ship, the last one only by strenuous exertions managing to keep clear of the vortex caused by the final catastrophe. For scarcely had they got under weigh when the bulkheads, which had been holding out, gave way, the sea broke into the engine-room and stokeholds, and the ship, slipping off the rocks, sank rapidly, stern first, in deep water. Though this boat escaped being dragged down at this time,

she soon afterwards filled and sank, and of the thirty or forty men on board the majority were lost, though certain of them managed to reach a pantechnicon van and clamber on to it. Their fate for a long time remained uncertain, but eight were ultimately rescued by a Cherbourg fishing boat.

The time had not been sufficient to lower more than six boats, and many passengers, probably more than fifty, remained on deck when the last boat sheered off. With the captain still on the bridge they all went down with the ship. A few jumped clear as the vessel went down, and with the aid of lifebelts and deck seats and other floating wreckage, kept themselves afloat. A few were taken into boats, already somewhat overloaded, but most of them perished, being swept by the swift current and tide far away from the scene of the disaster.

Those in charge of the boats feared to do more than drift, with their eyes strained for fear in consequence of the fog they might get on to the treacherous rocks or come into collision with the floating wreckage. The smallest of the boats, the dinghey, could scarcely keep afloat, but when the men in it saw a boat filled with ladies and apparently in difficulties, they promptly took it in tow.



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY A SURVIVOR

One of the boats, believed to be a collapsible craft, was found to be overloaded to a dangerous extent almost before she got clear of the steamer, but it was then too late to remedy the evil. As the ship foundered this boat was nearly caught in the vortex. She escaped that fate, but soon afterwards she filled and sank. She had between thirty and forty men on board, most of whom were lost. Several, however, were seen to

reach a pantechnicon van, and floated away on this poor ark. "One of the sights most vividly impressed on my mind," writes a survivor, "was the poor old pantechnicon, with about twenty men on it, bobbing about." For a long time the fate of the men on this refuge was uncertain, but eight of them were subsequently landed at Cherbourg, having been rescued from the top of the van by a fishing boat.

THE WRECK OF THE "STELLA": AN ARK OF REFUGE

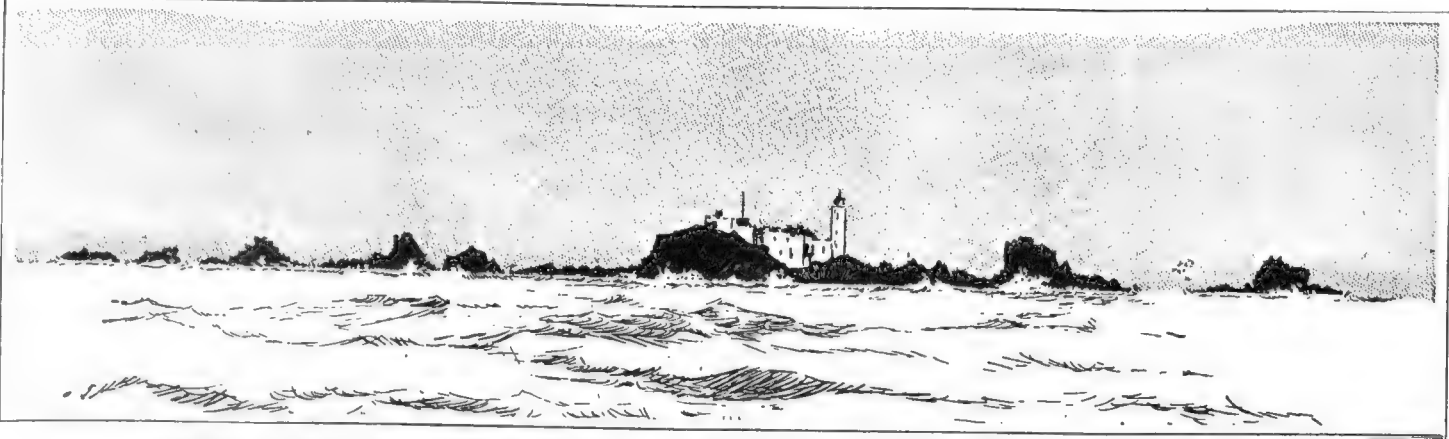
The experiences of these people in the dinghey were common to all the boats. All the long night through they drifted about, or were occasionally rowed, until passengers became exhausted by the damp and cold and the unaccustomed labour. Only the certainty of succour when day broke kept them in stout heart. "Our vigil,"

said a man who was in the dinghey, "lasted fifteen hours. Some of us often had lumps in our throats, but we would not give in. Each man took his turn in rowing, and nearly everyone of us when his spell was done dropped asleep quite knocked up. About six o'clock in the morning they saw a steamer coming towards them, and signalling as well as they could, were instantly observed. The steamer proved to be the Great Western Company's Channel Service steamer *Lynx*, which had been warned of the disaster and was on the look-out. Altogether the *Lynx* saved thirty-eight souls, and took them to Guernsey. The South-Western Company's Channel Service steamer *Vera*, making her daily trip to the islands, came across two other boats, in which were fifty-seven men and women, all of whom were safely got on board and landed at Jersey. Among them were Mr. Parton, manager of the American Transatlantic line, and his wife. They had a very painful experience, as they were for hours in doubt as to the fate of each other. Mrs. Parton was sent off in the first boat, which soon disappeared in the fog. Mr. Parton managed to get a place in a later boat. The husband and wife were reunited after fifteen hours of suspense.

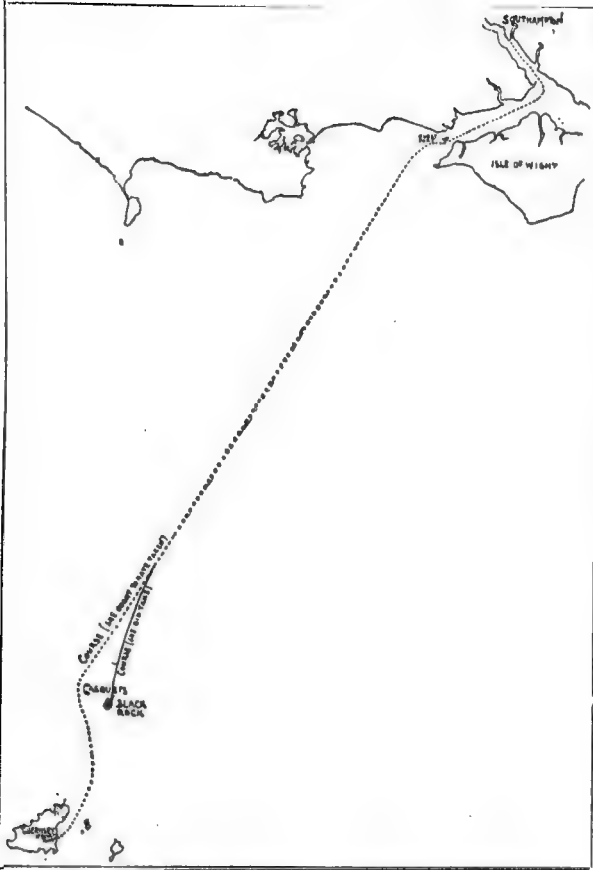
Mr. Parton has given a very graphic account of the wreck, describing the way in which the *Stella* raced over a submerged rock, the admirable discipline which prevailed, the behaviour of the officers, and the energy of the stewards in giving out lifebelts. "I scarcely saw anyone without a belt," he writes. "The coolness and resource of the officers was only seconded by the passengers generally. There was no panic nor any wild rushing for the boats. But the blanched faces and the partings between husbands and wives and others showed that all realised the peril. I got my wife into the second boat that left the ship, and I got away myself in the last boat that left the ship. I regard my escape as entirely providential. The boat was just ordered away when, noticing a rope hanging from the davit, I climbed up the davit and slid down the rope, dropping into the boat as she moved off."

Another passenger, Mr. Gallie, of Chatham, said that he was in his berth when the vessel struck, and was almost thrown out by the shock. "I assisted in lowering three of the boats," continued Mr. Gallie, "and was one of the last to get in before leaving the sinking ship. On the vessel striking, she listed to port, and within a quarter of an hour the *Stella* went down stern first. We had to pull hard to get away. I saw several persons struggling in the water with belts on,

Roque Noire



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CASQUETS SHOWING THE ROQUE NOIRE ON WHICH THE "STELLA" IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE STRUCK



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE PROPER COURSE FROM SOUTH-AMPTON TO GUERNSEY AND THE COURSE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY THE "STELLA"

but as our boat was full we could not render any assistance. Our boat held twenty-five, and the other boat which kept us company had fifteen. At daybreak we saw a big liner in the distance, but our shouts could not be heard. During the night we burned every scrap of paper in the boat as signals, but without attracting attention. In the

morning the passengers tied handkerchiefs together and fastened them to a pole to attract the notice of any passing vessel. The *Lynx* emerged very suddenly out of the fog and picked us up."

There are many other narratives from the occupants of the boats which survived the terrible night, but they differ only in detail. Mr. Vesian, of Harrow, jumping from the sinking ship, came up under a capsized lifeboat, on to which he managed to climb, being subsequently found by some others. "There were dozens of others floating round on wreckage. They could not swim to us, and we could not help them. They made piteous appeals for assistance. It was a heart-rending scene. We drifted about at the mercy of the waves, and then one by one the cries round us ceased as the poor victims became exhausted with the cold and dropped off the wreckage to which they were clinging. It was awful to see them drown close by us. Amongst those whom I saw clinging to wreckage near the boat were the chief officer and the chief steward. There were also a few ladies who had lifebelts and were clinging to wreckage."

The boat subsequently righted, but the plug was out of it, and so it filled almost to the gunwale, being kept afloat only by the air tanks, and in this sorry plight the night was passed, though of the fourteen only five lived to see morning, the others dying of exposure before the ultimate rescue by a French tug.

The only officer saved was Mr. Reynolds, the second mate, who was picked up out of the sea, and his being saved probably secured the safety of the lifeboat and the dinghey, for his knowledge of the coast enabled them to keep away from the dangerous reefs round Alderney. On this same boat one lady rowed all night, while many are the stories of splendid heroism and devotion. One of the saddest features of the whole, though, is to be found in the number of cases where families have been broken up, and where with husband and wife, one has been taken and another left, while the tragedies to be read in a dozen places between the lines of a brief paragraph will scarce bear thinking over. The exact cause of the disaster must be left to be ascertained by fuller inquiry. At the time of writing the wreck has not even been exactly located. Certain only it is that Captain Reeks lost his bearings in the fog. Beyond this he was an experienced and trusted officer. After the vessel struck he did everything possible in the way of setting an example of splendid heroism, and when nothing more remained to be done went down with his ship.

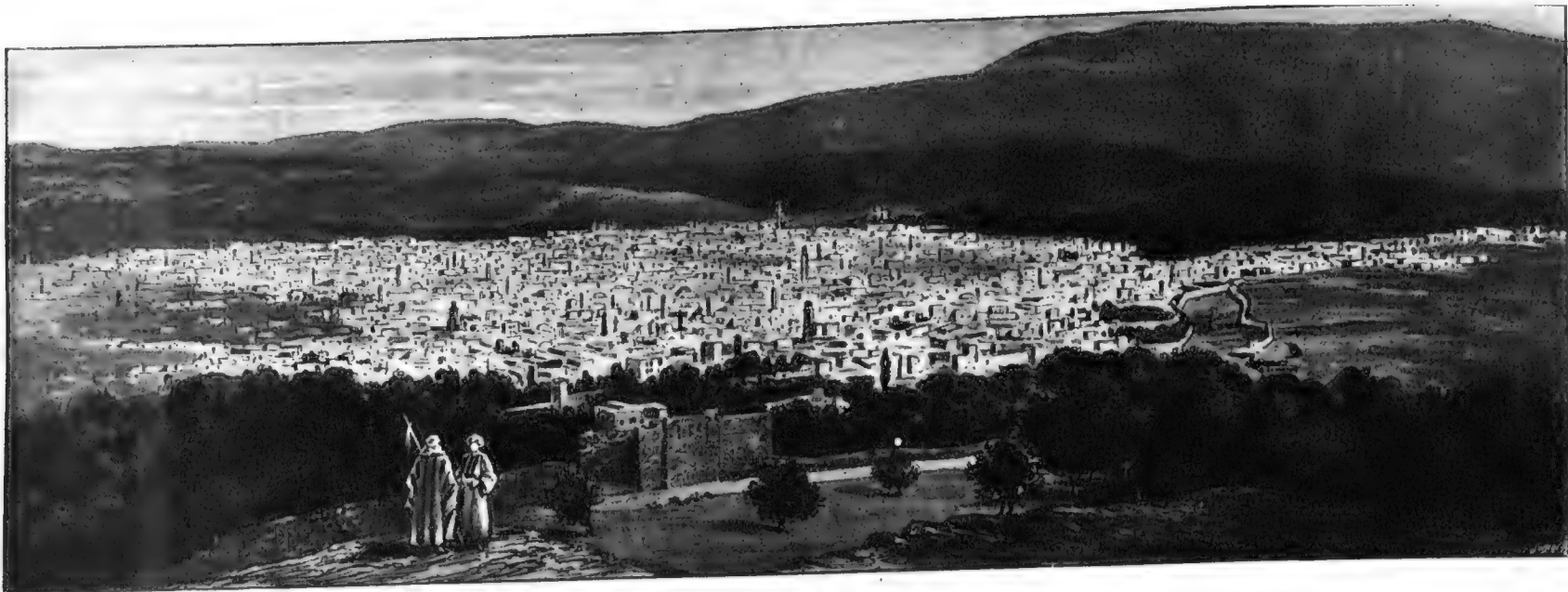


DRAWN BY T. S. C. CROWTHER

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY A SURVIVOR

One of the survivors in this boat writes:—"The boat was a very tiny one, but twenty-two managed to get into it. During the afternoon and night we drifted about. Second Mate Reynolds, who was in another boat, kept us off the breakers by showing lighted matches. It was a weary time. We had nothing in the shape of food in the boat, and the night was bitterly cold. Never before have I wished so much for morning. With the first streak of dawn we saw that we had drifted a considerable distance from the scene of the disaster. Save for the splashing of the water on the side of our boat, all was deathly still." About eight o'clock, how-

ever, the funnel of a steamer was descried, and at once the brave occupants of the boat set to work to manufacture flags of distress out of handkerchiefs, which they tied to their oars, and they had the satisfaction of knowing soon afterwards that their signals of distress were observed. At half-past eight o'clock, after sixteen hours of awful suspense and anxiety, the shipwrecked boatload were taken aboard the South-Western boat *Vera*.



VIEW OVER PART OF THE TOWN OF FEZ

THE LAND OF THE MOORS

FOR the average Englishman a certain effort of the imagination will, perhaps, be necessary to realise the fact that within a few hours' journey from Gibraltar there lies a vast country which is still in a condition of absolute benighted barbarism. The Empire of Morocco is, nevertheless, a more complete anachronism, when judged by European standards of civilisation than that of Turkey, thanks to the mutual jealousies of the European Powers, which have hitherto prevented the political demise of the "Sick Man" of North Africa, and the realisation of the vast potential value of his inheritance. Pending that inevitable consummation the European who steps outside the door of his hotel at Tangier finds himself in a land which, politically and socially, has no analogue in Europe, a land in which, so far as a bountiful Nature is responsible, "every prospect pleases," and "only man"—including his handiwork—"is vile." But even that vileness, thanks to the rich beauty of earth and sky, and the remnants of what was once civilisation of a high order, is always interesting, and, above all, picturesque. The rites and ceremonies of the religion of the Prophet are in themselves an inexhaustible study for the artist as well as for the historian and the philosopher. Take, for example, the accompanying sketch of the procession of the Sheep Feast, which is, so to speak, the Easter of the Lent of Ramadhan. Colour the black and white, in imagination, with a background of sky of the brightest blue above a line of green foliage; place in the foreground the brilliant white of the snowy *burnous* of the Sultan, of the garments of his retinue, of the *haïks* of the veiled women watching from the walls, with the glint of gun barrel and spear in the African sunshine, and what a picture it makes to the mind's eye! What, again, can more adequately express the poetry of motion

than the wild rush of the Arab cavaliers in the Sheep Race? The *lâb el baroud*, "the game of powder," that is to say, the waving and firing in the air of innumerable guns, which is the part of the show the Arabs love best, gives the *fantasia* a warlike character which makes it the favourite sport of those born horsemen and warriors. The Sheep Feast, which the Arabs call *Aid-el-Kebir*, "the great feast," and the Turks *Bairam*, is a serious business. On that occasion every Moslem family must sacrifice a sheep; and care is taken to choose an animal with a fine pair of horns, because it is to them that the Moslem must hold tight when crossing the *vicate*, the bridge, narrow as a hair and sharp as a razor, which is suspended above Hell, and across which he must pass to Paradise. The sacrificial act is commemorative of the "ram caught in a thicket" divinely provided to avert the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham. In no Mahomedan country is the faith of Islam more fanatically fierce than in Morocco, as is exemplified in the city of Fez—more properly Fass, or Fess—with its three hundred and sixty mosques, many of the minarets of which may be made out in the accompanying photograph. One of these mosques is a sanctuary for even the most desperate criminals, for Fez is a holy city. It is also one of remarkable beauty, situated, like "hollow Lacedæmon" of old, in a charming valley dominated by high mountains, and studded with groves of lemon and pomegranate trees, and gleaming with the whitewash of which the law of the Prophet prescribes the use at regular intervals. From the sanitary point of view, however, a Moorish town or village is but a whited sepulchre. Those women in the sketch are doing their family washing in the village well—a gruesome thought on which the European mind does not love to linger. Agriculturally, too, Morocco is as backward as in every other respect. The Arab plough, drawn by Gonder ox and an ass does but scratch the marvellously fertile ground, which, in Roman times, made the Barbary

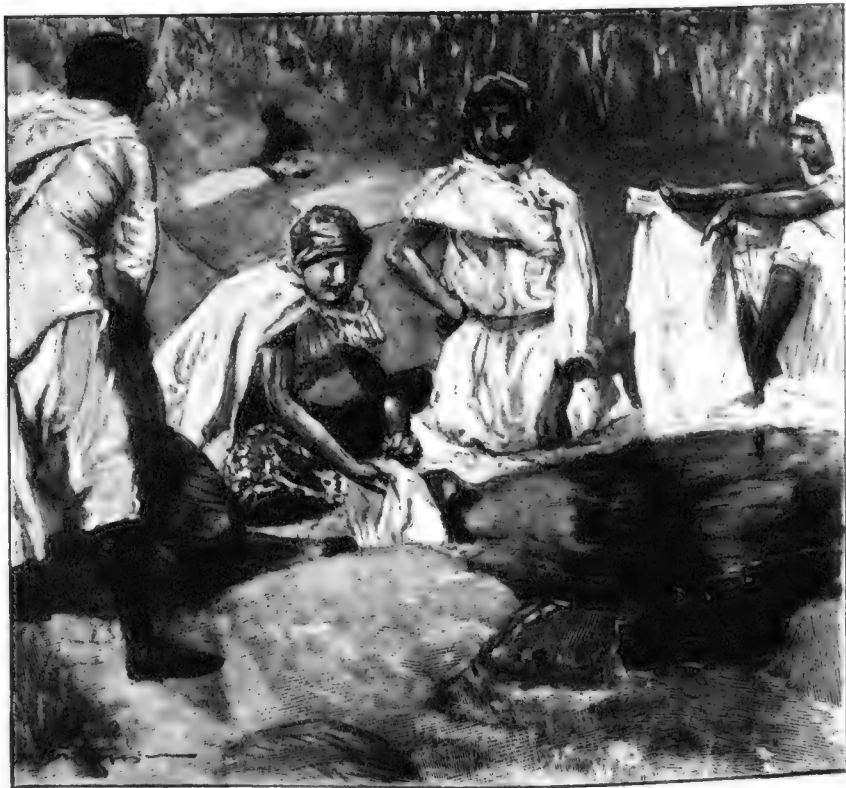
coast the granary of Southern Europe. In short, one may say to-day of Morocco, just what was said of it by an Englishman who went there with Lord Howard, the Ambassador of Charles II., in 1669:—"It were to be desired that such industrious and public-spirited persons did inhabit there as might make an improvement of the goodness of the soil and of the conveniences of the place." For, as Rudyard Kipling puts it, "in the East nothing ever changes;" and Morocco, despite its geographical position, is nothing if not Oriental.

Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Edward Dodson, who was commissioned by Mr. J. J. Whitaker, of Palermo, now engaged upon a work on the Birds of Northern Africa, to travel and collect specimens in the hitherto ornithologically unknown Atlas Mountains. Mr. Dodson, who has had considerable previous experience with Dr. Donaldson Smith in his journey to Lake Rudolph and in subsequent expeditions in Somaliland as a naturalist explorer, was enabled to accomplish the crossing of the Atlas in two places, to descend on to the southern slopes and bring back a collection numbering 800 birds and eighty mammals. The route taken was from Tangier, where mules, &c., were purchased and men hired, overland *via* Fez, Mekinez, Marakish, to and over the Atlas, and round by the northern slopes to Mogador, then into the much-dreaded Sus country, where there is abundance of boar and Barbary wild sheep shooting. Much of the ground traversed was previously unexplored, and the fanaticism of the natives frequently made travelling dangerous. Kaid Maclean, a colonel in the British army, now Instructor-General to H.M. the Sultan of Morocco's forces, rendered valuable service by bringing to bear his powerful influence at Court, otherwise it is doubtful whether the expedition would ever have entered the Atlas range.



DRAWN BY C. H. TAFFS

PLOUGHING WITH A STRANGE TEAM



DRAWN BY C. H. TAFFS

To this well, which furnishes the sole supply of water for drinking purposes, the women of the village come to do the family washing

THE WATER SUPPLY OF A MOORISH VILLAGE



DRAWN BY W. PAGET

The leader of this procession carries a sheep with its throat cut, and if the year is to be prosperous, the animal must be still alive when the cavalcade reaches the mosque which is its goal. As a consequence this part of the procession sweeps by like a tornado

THE SHEEP RACE, WHICH FORMS PART OF THE CELEBRATION TO COMMEMORATE THE OFFERING UP OF ISAAC BY ABRAHAM



DRAWN BY W. PAGET

The Sultan of Morocco, Muley Abdul Aziz, may be seen in the foreground, with an attendant holding an umbrella over him. This picture is drawn from the only photograph extant of the Sultan, and was taken at considerable personal risk

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN THE PROCESSION OF THE SHEEP FEAST TO COMMEMORATE THE OFFERING UP OF ISAAC BY ABRAHAM

THE LAND OF THE MOORS

Court and Club

By "MARMADUKE"

THERE are readers of this column who will remember that the writer has for years contended that the administration of the two great African Protectorates should be transferred from the Foreign Office to the Colonial Office. The Government has now been partly converted to this opinion, for, since April 1, the Niger Coast Protectorate has come under the rule of the Colonial Office, which will permanently administer the province.

"What shall we do with our sons?" is a question which is continually heard. The enormous expansion of our Colonial possessions, which has been one of the chief features of recent years, must inevitably lead to the creation of many new posts in connection with the Colonial Office. This seems to have been overlooked. It would not be hazardous to predict that the staff working under the Colonial Secretary will be doubled, if not trebled, within the next ten years, and in this direction employment should be sought.

At present, it is a survival of the old system that the highest appointments in the Colonial Service are generally bestowed upon partisans of the Government who have claims on the Party. This will gradually be altered, and the time is rapidly approaching when a Colonial Office servant who distinguishes himself may look forward to rising to the top rungs of the ladder as confidently as does a member of the Diplomatic Service or an officer in the Army or the Navy. The Colonial Service is fast developing possibilities in this direction which should not be ignored.

Many who were in Parliament between the years 1880 and 1885 will hear with regret that Mr. William Borlase, who represented East Cornwall during that period, died last week in London. A very amiable man he soon made many friends in the House, but, unfortunately, a series of troubles overtook him, and cut short his till then apparently successful career.

The influenza in epidemic form is by no means a new occurrence. It was not uncommon in previous centuries or earlier in the present one, but after a long absence it re-appeared eight or ten years ago. From all accounts the epidemic did not claim so many victims in former times as it does in our own, and this is the more remarkable, for the science of medicine has made great progress during the past half-century. It seems strange that no official inquiry has yet been instituted to examine into the causes, effects, and treatment of this disease. Several thousands of deaths are now annually directly or indirectly due to influenza, and as apparently we have each year to run the gauntlet of this epidemic, it is time that all possible information relating to the matter should be officially obtained.

As the Queen's birthday approaches the report gains additional strength that the Honours List on that occasion will contain the name of Mr. Henniker Heaton, whose efforts to obtain Imperial Postage have been so signally successful. Mr. Heaton deserves a Peerage if ever any national benefactor did. He has had to combat against every possible form of opposition, reasonable and unreasonable, and, overcoming all obstacles, has conferred a very considerable benefit on his fellow-countrymen in almost every portion of the Empire. It would be in accordance with the fitness of things were he some day to occupy the post of Postmaster-General.

Why should "the fashions" come from France? Englishmen dress better than do the men of any other country, and it is difficult, therefore, to account for Englishwomen not doing so too. Some will maintain that French materials for ladies' dresses are better and are more artistic than those which are manufactured in Great Britain, but this argument does not suffice to solve the problem. Our manufacturers excel in making cloth, and, as money is plentiful in this country, there is no reason why French designers should not be employed at high salaries to teach us a branch of taste which we do not seem to have developed.

Several millions of British gold are annually transferred to the pockets of French manufacturers and traders in return for materials and costumes, bonnets and millinery, which could, with a little enterprise and ingenuity, be produced in this country. The fact is that women have come to look upon France as the Mecca of female fashion, and the majority of them prefer a French design to an English one without intelligently considering whether the former is more becoming than the latter.

It is this prejudiced attitude of the female mind that is responsible for a species of thinly veiled deceit which is carried on throughout England. Hundreds of Englishwomen are practising as dress-makers under the name of Madame this, that, or the other, who have never been to France, and do not know even a single word of French. Their customers, of course, are perfectly aware that "Madame this" is really "Mrs. that," but even this slight flavouring of French gives confidence. Surely in these enlightened days a stand should be made against so strange a prejudice, all the more that it leads to an enormous sum of money being sent to the Continent annually which might profitably be distributed in Great Britain.

Our Portraits

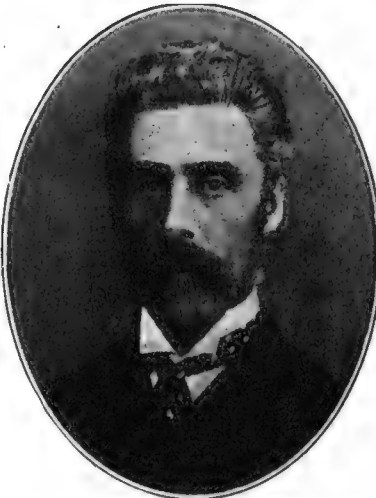
MR. RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN, brother of the Colonial Secretary, had been suffering from a distressing internal complaint, and his recovery had for some time past been hopeless. Born in 1840 in London, and educated at the London University School, he came to Birmingham in 1863, and began a successful commercial career. He was elected a member of the Birmingham Town Council in 1874, and three years later became Mayor. After Mrs. Chamberlain's death in 1880, he became dangerously ill, and under medical advice took a lengthened sea voyage. In 1885 he accepted an invitation to contest West Islington in the Liberal interest. He was elected, and continued to represent the constituency, first as a Liberal and then as a Liberal Unionist, until 1892. Mr. Chamberlain was a justice of the peace for the city and county, and was connected with many important local and other commercial undertakings.

Dr. William Selby Church, who has been elected President of the Royal College of Physicians in the room of Sir Samuel Wilkes, the retiring president, is senior physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Dr. Church received his medical training at Oxford and St. Bartholomew's. In 1864 he took the M.B. degree, and in 1868 that of M.D. at Oxford, while two years later he became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London. He was Censor of this college from 1890 to 1892, and was appointed Senior Censor in 1896, while in 1895 he was Harveian Orator. Dr. Church is also a fellow and treasurer of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, a member of the Pathological Society of London and the Clinical Research Association. He represents the University of Oxford on the General Medical Council, and was formerly Lee's Reader in Anatomy at Christ Church, Oxford. He is the author of "Treatment of Hydatids of the Liver," which was the thesis for his M.D. degree. In addition to being senior physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Dr. Church is physician to the Royal General Dispensary and assistant physician to the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest.

Mr. R. P. Cobbold is an English traveller who has just returned from a thirteen-month journey in the Pamirs, during which he was arrested and detained for three weeks by the Russians, and was finally



MR. R. P. COBBOLD
Who was arrested by the Russians while travelling
in the Pamirs
Photo by Salmon, Winchester



THE LATE MR. RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN
Brother of the Colonial Secretary
Photo by Russell and Sons



DR. W. SELBY CHURCH
New President of the Royal College of Physicians
Photo by Mull and Fox

escorted by Cossacks across the Chinese frontier. Mr. Cobbold visited several districts never before explored by Englishmen, and brings back with him, in addition to a fine photographic collection, much valuable geographical and political data. It was while shooting in the Central provinces of India that he decided to go on an expedition to the Pamirs, and, visiting Kashgar and Yarkand, to make on the spot an inquiry into the condition of British trade in Chinese Turkestan. Mr. Cobbold was arrested on the Bokharan frontier and detained until the commandant of the Pamirs district personally visited him. Finally he was given the option of remaining where he was, pending the receipt of instructions from Marghilan or of being escorted to the nearest point on the Chinese frontier. Preferring this to another month's delay he consented, and after three weeks' detention left with an escort of four Cossacks, and was released without a word of explanation. Throughout the whole of Russian Turkestan, the tribesmen firmly believe in a coming conflict between the Power advancing from the south and the one marching from the north. This was a matter of common talk, and the natives always expressed the hope that one day they would come under British rule. In Chinese Turkestan, too, Mr. Cobbold said the Russians were extremely active. He heard a good deal of the Sarikol question while he was in the province. The Russian Consul at Kashgar discussed the question with him quite openly and said the British Government would not consider it worth while to protest, and added that in a short time the whole of Chinese Turkestan would be absorbed by Russia. "Whatever," said Mr. Cobbold in reply to questions, "may be the views of the Imperial Government of St. Petersburg, no traveller in these regions can ignore the fact that the Russian officials in Central Asia would eagerly welcome orders for an advance."

CHOOSING A SERVANT BY THE SHAPE OF HER HEAD is the latest idea among American housewives. If the head extends well back behind the ears the mistress may be satisfied that the "domestic region" is well developed, and the servant will be capable for her duties. The mistress must also note whether the "bump of firmness" rises above that of self-esteem. A good lady's maid should have the lower portion of the brow broad and prominent, signifying artistic sense and ability to make everything look at its best.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE delights of spring in Italy are much exaggerated. Even though the sun shines brilliantly, the air is as cold as March in England, and the vegetation almost as backward. True, the wheat is green, the almond trees plentiful and rosy, while a few half-starved looking camellias blow out of doors, and here and there a rose tree puts forth fragrant blossoms, but the majority of the best flowers sold in the Roman shops in winter come from the Riviera, which still remains the flower land *par excellence*. If the air, however, was ungenial, that did not affect the crowds thronging to the churches in Holy Week. St. Peter's was a wonderful sight, filled with an immense throng of busy, moving tourists, worshippers, and *contadini* leading their children by the hand, clad in strange costumes, wearing the traditional black veil, or sometimes a mere kerchief over their abundant black hair. Cardinals and Bishops in trailing robes moved majestically around, and the sweet sound of choral voices floated through the aisles. Lady Currie gave another brilliant party, this time in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Duke of Cambridge, and one afternoon the Princess of Wales, very simply dressed in black, and, unrecognised by sightseers, flitted through the galleries of the Vatican, looking younger and prettier than ever.

The cooks in Paris have held a conclave, and their president has sorrowfully declared that the good times are over, that dinners no longer possess classic importance, and that even at Baron Alphonse de Rothschild's, hitherto the undisputed citadel of culinary fame, the repast of the evening, prepared with scientific skill, only lasts forty minutes. Impossible, therefore, that it should be properly tasted and appreciated. And to whom is this sad dereliction from ancient usage to be attributed? To women and their pernicious example, says the sage. Women never did know how to dine properly, but they have now introduced a most abominable practice in the well-known afternoon tea, where they absorb all kinds of deleterious substances in the shape of cakes, buns, and sandwiches. Naturally, therefore, they are not hungry when dinner time arrives. The hour of dinner has grown later and later, and what is worse it is invariably unpunctual. How can a cook who respects himself answer for the excellence of a dinner which is kept waiting half an hour, or even longer? There is much truth in the touching plaint of the unappreciated culinary artist. Heavy teas spoil the appetite, and unpunctuality is the demon of the kitchen. It is also the worry of the hostess. Some of her guests come a little earlier, some a little later; it is necessary to wait for the last, and as there is no received time, even the guests themselves do not know when to arrive. It would be well if the lady of the house appointed an hour at which dinner would be served on the table, and those of the guests present should sit down incontinently. That would do away with the chief difficulty of the work and add a proper importance to the meal. As to five o'clock tea, even the doctors dare not abolish it; their thunders and anathemas remain unavailing.

There is a certain justice in Mr. Boosey's complaint respecting ladies who obtain the gratuitous use of artists' services for entertainments which cost them nothing, and for which, when they send a cheque to the charity, they receive thanks and honour. An artist's services are worth quite as much as her fee, and it practically amounts to this, that ladies ask an artist to contribute 5% or 10% to their own especial charity while contributing nothing themselves. After the general public have heard a singer at several of these charity concerts they do not care to pay to hear her when she gives a concert for herself, and thus her value is counted. Then again, the artist, however busy or unwilling she may be, does not like to refuse the society lady, fearing that her refusal should damage her reputation. These charity entertainments are rapidly becoming a very severe tax on the artist's time and health, and certainly constitute an abuse of the power of patronage. By all means let ladies get up concerts for the benefit of the charities in which they are interested, only let them pay the artists for their time and labours, and their cab fares, which form no inconsiderable item in London expenses. But if the artists are to be paid, it is certain far fewer ladies will organise concerts.

Dresses grow longer and more clinging, picturesque and beautiful certainly, yet extremely inconvenient. Fashion loves eccentricity and novelty, yet we may thank our stars that some absurd extravagances are no longer indulged in. It is related of the Marchioness of Mantua, sister-in-law of the famous Lucretia Borgia, that she appeared once at a party in a black velvet dress covered over with astrological signs embroidered in gold. On another occasion her robe of black satin was sown with notes of music in gold thread. Yet another lady wore a dress embroidered with figures representing incidents in the life of Christ, and yet another costume depicted all sorts of wild animals. After that a mere clinging dress outlining the figure, seems a perfect trifle.



THE RIVIERA SEASON: THE MOTOR-CAR PROCESSION IN THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT NICE

Books of Travel

CAPTAIN REGINALD BURTON, the author of "Tropics and Snows" (Arnold), is before everything else a sportsman, but at the same time he is a man of many parts. He has travelled over a considerable part of the world; he is a soldier, a linguist, he has studied the customs and social questions of many peoples, and beyond this he is a writer who is well able to describe all he has seen and done. Sportsmen will envy him the many chances he has had of making big bags. Captain Burton first joined the West India Regiment, and after two years of Jamaica and Barbadoes he was transferred to the Indian Staff Corps, and went out to India. He first saw some sport in the Punjab, bagging, among other things, a few crocodiles. At the earliest opportunity he made a trip to Kashmir in search of bears and ibex, which he found in plenty. The chapters he writes on this subject are most entrancing, his adventures when stalking bears being most graphically described. Space will not allow us to follow him through all his travels. It must suffice to say that from India he went to Russia to study the language. He writes well on the literature and the institutions of that country. Back in India, Captain Burton made his way to Hingoli, where he amused himself with panther-shooting, then to Pirkhera, where the bison claimed his attention, and on which he writes one of the most interesting chapters of the volume. He has a great deal, also, to tell us of tiger-shooting, of which he has had a large experience, having killed twenty-seven of them during three years in the Deccan. Captain Burton is a thorough sportsman, and is justly severe on those men who shoot merely for the sake of killing. He regrets, like all good sportsmen, the gradual extinction of many species of animals, and advocates a close season for big as well as small game, or, at any rate, some method by which a stop can be put to the indiscriminate slaughter of game of all sorts. Readers who prefer the gentle art of fishing will find a chapter full of interest in trout and salmon fishing in Norway. Captain Burton's book is sure to be widely read by all sportsmen, and we also strongly recommend it to our non-sporting readers.

The Armenian massacres created such a feeling of horror in England, and the Armenian Question is so much discussed, that any work on the subject must of necessity be of great interest. Lord Warkworth's "Notes from a Diary in Asiatic Turkey" (Arnold) is not by any means a book on Eastern politics; it is a well-written record of a tour through a most historical and picturesque country, but the tour embraced that part of Armenia in which the disturbances took place, and the author took every opportunity of getting information on the spot. There is no doubt there was a strong Armenian revolutionary party, who, backed up by Russia, did their best to stir up strife, calculating that by provoking reprisals the European Powers would be compelled to interfere. In July, 1897, for instance, a band of between 200 and 300 Armenian Nationalists, armed with Russian rifles and provided with passports *visâ* in the Caucasus, made a sudden dash across the frontier, attacked the camp of Sherif Bey, a Kurd, and after killing over a hundred of his men, retreated with a total of less than twenty casualties on their side. The exasperated officer collected a number of Kurds, and retaliated by a descent upon several Persian villages, where, in addition to other acts of barbarity, he butchered about two hundred Armenian peasants, most of whom were faultless of any connivance with the previous raid. With regard to the part taken by the Turks in the massacres at Van, the author says, "But strange, almost incredible as it may appear, there can be little doubt that in regard to the Armenian provinces generally, the Government did genuinely believe themselves face to face with a carefully planned design for a simultaneous rising. . . . The slaughter which followed was deliberately organised. . . . but mere wanton cruelty was not the motive. It was political, not religious; a measure of repression, not extermination." Bad as the Kurds were, it must be allowed

that they received some provocation. Where it will all end seems impossible to say. Lord Warkworth says in his preface: "By herself England can do nothing; and the only solution is that which for a hundred years her greatest statesmen have striven to avert—the absorption of the border provinces by Russia." The reader must not imagine that the greater part of the volume is taken up with the Armenian Question. Lord Warkworth made a long tour through Asia Minor, visiting all of the principal cities, including Angora, Trebizond, Mosul, Aleppo, and many others celebrated in ancient history, and writes well and with great knowledge of their architecture and of their inhabitants and their history.

the Cape, from Sierra Leone to Zanzibar. The history of the great "trekking" of the Boers and of the rise of Natal is well worth studying. As the author truly says:—"The story of the African Continent is one of great interest, with many stirring episodes, and many achievements due to the courage, endurance, resolution and ability of distinguished soldiers, adventurers, pioneers and administrators in an age which is assuredly not the least romantic and heroic period in the history of the world." The book is not only a concise and well-written history of Africa, but it will be found of great value as a book of reference.

We owe Mr. William Pember Reeves a debt of gratitude for having given us "The Long White Cloud," "Ao Tea Roa" (Marshall). The English public, as a whole, are woefully ignorant about New Zealand; the usual idea is that it is very much to Australia what the Isle of Wight is to England. The natives, the Maoris, are continually being maligned by being talked of as if they were of the same breed as the natives of Australia. To us New Zealand has always appeared the most interesting of all of our Colonies; besides its history, which is most romantic, its fine climate, its glorious scenery, the Maoris themselves, and not least their most interesting language, give it a charm that is wanting in our other possessions. No man could be better fitted to write the history of their island than is the author of these pages. He is, in the first place, the Agent-General in London for New Zealand, and beyond that, to quote his own words:—"I have lived in New Zealand, have seen it and studied it from end to end, and have had to do with its affairs—it is my country." The early history of the Maoris is much the same as that of many other native races. Ill-treated and shot down as if their lives were of no value by the first whites to arrive in the islands, robbed of their land, they retaliated; then came annexation, and now, alas! this fine race is gradually dying out. The volume is capitally illustrated, and we can conscientiously recommend it to all who take an interest in Greater Britain.

The charm of Mr. Cunningham Graham's writing has never been better exemplified than it is in his latest book, "Mogreb-el-Aksha" (Heinemann). He seems to have identified himself with the people of Morocco, through whose country he travelled in a fruitless attempt to reach Tarudant, a city almost unknown to Europeans. His descriptions of the country and the people are so vivid, the local colour so evident, that the reader soon loses sight of his present surroundings and becomes one of the small party of adventurers who, disguised as Moors, are making their way towards the forbidden city. Of the two available routes open to the travellers, Mr. Graham chose the one eastward from Mogador across the Atlas mountains, as being safer. Everything went well until the pass was reached, but there they were stopped by a messenger, who wanted to know where they were going. He was told "towards God's land," which in Arabic means much the same as "Wouldn't you like to know?" in English; but in the end he was given to understand that the "Sheik Mahammed El Fasi," otherwise Mr. Cunningham Graham, had no time to call upon the Cadi, as he was going to see the Basha Hamud at Tarudant, and intended to camp that night at Sus. The messenger, who it turned out was watching for a party of Christians disguised as Mahomedans, was satisfied, and allowed them to proceed. The travellers congratulated themselves that their difficulties were now past, but on nearing a castle by the roadside, they saw the messenger, accompanied by several armed men, bounding after them. The Sheik in command accused them of being Christians, and as they saw the game was up, they admitted they were. The Cadi of Kintafi kept them prisoners for a fortnight, and then allowed them to go; but no amount of persuasion would induce him to allow them to proceed in the desired direction. The chapters telling of the life at Kintafi are the most interesting in the volume. It is impossible to praise the work too highly. It is most fascinatingly written, and gives one a most realistic picture of Morocco and its inhabitants.



DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT H. W. RICHMOND, R.N.

The *Birgus latro*, which is distributed throughout nearly the whole Indo-Pacific region, has received the popular name of Palm Crab. It is an exception to the hermit species in having the abdomen hardened, and is said to feed on coconuts. Stripping off the husk, it inserts the tips of the claws into the three holes found in the end and pounds the nut upon a stone until it is broken. Another method which they are said to employ is as follows: The husk is stripped off, leaving but one or two fibres attached to the nut. Then, clasping these fibres, the crab climbs a tree and drops the nut upon a stone. The natives adopt a curious method of capturing these tree-climbing crabs. Watching until they see a *Birgus* ascend, they tie a lot of grass around the trunk of the tree, at a considerable distance from the ground. By-and-by the crab descends, and, feeling the grass, thinks he has reached *terra firma*, and, therefore, loses his hold, and, falling to the ground, so maims himself as to become an easy prey to the savage.

THE PALM CRAB AND THE METHOD OF ITS CAPTURE BY THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS

"Africa in the Nineteenth Century," by Edgar Sanderson, M.A. (Seeley), is a most comprehensive book. The history of all the Colonies, of all the political movements, of all the wars and petty disputes that have arisen in Africa, is fully given. It is surprising that the author has managed to get such an immense amount of information into such a small space. The history of the Soudan, and, for the matter of that, the rest of the Colonies and States, is brought right down to the present day, and includes well-written descriptions of the battles of the Atbara and Omdurman. The chapter on Arabi's rebellion and British rule in Egypt are also of great value. No part of Africa is left unnoticed, from Algeria to

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"Altogether, great and small, there must have been nearly a thousand of these erections, piping, hooting, bawling, and gabbling in that great space, each with its crowd of excited listeners, the majority of them men dressed in blue canvas. There were all sizes of machines, from the little gossiping mechanisms that chuckled out mechanical sarcasm in odd corners, through a number of grades to such fifty-foot giants as that which had first hooted over Graham"

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS. Illustrated by H. LANOS

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CHAPTER XX.—(Continued)

BEYOND this place they came into a crowded hall, and he discovered the cause of the noise that had perplexed him. They paused at a turnstile at which a payment was made.

Graham's attention was immediately arrested by a violent, loud hoot, followed by a vast leathery voice. "The Master is sleeping peacefully," it vociferated. "He is in excellent health. He is going to devote the rest of his life to Aëronautics. He says women are more beautiful than ever. Haha! Our wonderful civilisation astonishes him beyond measure. Beyond all measure. Haha! He puts great trust in Boss Ostrog, absolute confidence in Boss Ostrog. Ostrog is to be his chief minister; is authorised to remove or reinstate public officers—all patronage will be in his hands. All patronage in the hands of Boss Ostrog! The Councillors have been sent back to their own prison above the Council House."

Graham stopped at the first sentence, and, looking up, beheld a foolish trumpet face from which this was brayed. This was the General Intelligence Machine. For a space it seemed to be gathering breath, and a regular throbbing from its cylindrical body was audible. Then it trumpeted "Galloop, Galloop," and broke out again.

"Paris is now pacified. All resistance is over. Haha! The black police hold every position of importance in the city. They

fought with great bravery, singing songs written in praise of their ancestors by the poet Kipling. Once or twice they got out of hand, and tortured and mutilated wounded and captured insurgents, men and women. Moral—don't go rebelling. Haha! Galloop, Galloop. They are lively fellows. Let this be a lesson to the disorderly banderlog of the city. Galloop, Galloop."

The voice ceased. There was a confused murmur of disapproval among the crowd. "Damned niggers." A man began to harangue near them. "Is this the Master's doing, brothers? Is this the Master?"

"Black police!" said Graham. "What is that? You don't mean—"

Asano touched his arm and gave him a warning look, and forthwith another of these mechanisms screamed deafeningly and gave tongue in a shrill voice. "Yahahah, Yahah, Yap! Hear a live paper yelp! Live paper. Yaha! Shocking outrage in Paris. Yahahah! The Parisians exasperated by the black police to the pitch of assassinating them. Dreadful reprisals. Savage times come again. Yaha!" The nearer Babble Machine hooted stupendously, "Galloop, Galloop," drowned the end of the sentence, and proceeded in a rather flatter note than before with novel comments on the horrors of disorder. "Law and order must be maintained," said the nearer Babble Machine.

"But," began Graham.

"Don't ask questions here," said Asano, "or you will be involved in an argument."

"Then let us go on," said Graham, "for I want to know more of this."

As he and his companion pushed their way through the excited crowd that swarmed beneath these voices, towards the exit, Graham conceived more clearly the proportion and features of this room. Altogether, great and small, there must have been nearly a thousand of these erections, piping, hooting, bawling and gabbling in that great space, each with its crowd of excited listeners, the majority of them men dressed in blue canvas. There were all sizes of machines, from the little gossiping mechanisms that chuckled out mechanical sarcasm in odd corners, through a number of grades to such fifty-foot giants as that which had first hooted over Graham.

This place was unusually crowded, because of the intense public interest in the course of affairs in Paris. Evidently the struggle had been much more savage than Ostrog had represented it. All the mechanisms were discoursing upon that topic, and the repetition of the people made the huge hive buzz with such phrases as "Lynched policemen," "Women burnt alive," "Fuzzy wuzzy." "But does the Master allow such things?" asked a man near him. "Is *this* the beginning of the Master's rule?"

Is *this* the beginning of the Master's rule? For a long time after he had left the place, the hooting, whistling and braying of

the machines pursued him, "Galloop, Galloop, Yahaha, Yaha, Yap!"

Directly they were out upon the ways he began to question Asano closely on the nature of the Parisian struggle. "This disarmament! What was their trouble? What does it all mean?"

Asano seemed chiefly anxious to reassure him that it was "all right." "But these outrages!"

"You cannot have an omelet," said Asano, "without breaking eggs. It is only the rough people. Only in one part of the city. All the rest is all right. The Parisian labourers are the wildest in the world, except ours."

"What! the Londoners?"

"No, the Japanese. They have to be kept in order."

"But burning women alive!"

"A Commune!" said Asano. "They would rob you of your property. They would do away with property and give the world over to mob rule. You are Master, the world is yours. But there will be no Commune here. There is no need for black police here."

"I did not think," began Graham, and stopped abruptly. He went off at a tangent to ask for information about these Babble Machines. For the most part, the crowd present had been shabbily or even raggedly dressed, and Graham learnt that so far as the more prosperous classes were concerned, in all the more comfortable private apartments of the city were fixed Babble Machines that would speak directly a lever was pulled. The tenant of the apartment could connect this with the cables of any of the great News Syndicates that he preferred. When he learnt this presently, he demanded the reason of their absence from his own suite of apartments. Asano stared. "I never thought," he said. "Ostrog must have had them removed."

"They must be replaced directly I return," said Graham.

He found a certain difficulty in understanding that both this news-room and the dining-hall were not great central places, that such establishments were repeated almost beyond counting all over the city. But ever and again during the night's expedition his ear, in some new quarter, would pick out from the tumult of the ways the peculiar hooting of the organ of Boss Ostrog, "Galloop, Galloop!" or the shrill "Yahaha, Yaha, Yap!"—Hear a live paper yelp!

Repeated too, everywhere, were such *crèches* as the one he now entered. It was reached by a lift, and by a glass bridge that flung across the dining-hall and traversed the ways at a slight upward angle. To enter the first section of the place necessitated the use of his solvent signature under Asano's direction. They were immediately attended to by a man in a violet robe and gold clasp, the insignia of practising medical men. He perceived from this man's manner that his identity was known, and proceeded to ask questions on the strange arrangements of the place without reserve.

On either side of the passage, which was silent and padded, as if to deaden the footfall, were narrow little doors, their size and arrangement suggestive of the cells of a Victorian prison. But the upper portion of each door was of the same greenish transparent stuff that had enclosed him at his awakening, and within, dimly seen, lay, in every case, a very young baby in a little nest of wadding. Elaborate apparatus watched the atmosphere and rang a bell far away in the central office at the slightest departure from the optimum of temperature and moisture. A system of such *crèches* had almost entirely replaced the hazardous adventures of the old-world nursing. The attendant presently called Graham's attention to the wet nurses, a vista of mechanical figures, with arms, shoulders, and breasts of astonishingly realistic modelling, articulation, and texture, but mere brass tripods below, and having in the place of features a flat disc bearing advertisements likely to be of interest to mothers.

Of all the strange things that Graham came upon that night, none jarred more upon his habits of thought than this place. The spectacle of the little pink creatures, their feeble limbs swaying uncertainly in vague first movements, left alone, without embrace or endearment, was wholly repugnant to him. The attendant doctor was of a different opinion. His statistical evidence showed beyond dispute that in the Victorian time the most dangerous passage of life was the arms of the mother, that there human mortality had ever been most terrible. On the other hand this *crèche* company, the International Crèche Syndicate, lost not one-half per cent. of the million babies or so that formed its peculiar care. But Graham's prejudice was too strong even for these figures.

Along one of the many passages of the place they presently came upon a young couple in the usual blue canvas peering through the transparency and laughing hysterically at the bald head of their first-born. Graham's face must have showed his estimate of them, for their merriment ceased and they looked abashed. But this little incident accentuated his sudden realisation of the gulf between his habits of thought and the ways of the new age. He passed on to the crawling-rooms and the Kindergarten, perplexed and distressed. He found the endless long playrooms were empty! the latter-day children at least still spent their nights in sleep. As they went through these the little officer pointed out the character of the toys, developments of those devised by that inspired sentimentalist Froebel. There were nurses here, but much was done by machines that sang and danced and dandled.

Graham was still not clear upon many points. "But so many orphans," he said perplexed, reverting to a first misconception, and learnt again that they were not orphans.

So soon as they had left the *crèche* he began to speak of the horror the babies in their incubating cases had caused him. "Is motherhood gone?" he said. "Was it a cant? Surely it was an instinct. This seems so unnatural—abominable almost."

"Along here we shall come to the dancing place," said Asano, by way of reply. "It is sure to be crowded. In spite of all the political unrest it will be crowded. The women take no great interest in politics—except a few here and there. You will see the mothers—most young women of the middle class in London are mothers. It is considered a creditable thing to have a child—a proof of animation. As for motherhood! They still take an immense pride in the children—if they are nice. They come here to look at them quite often."

The air was suddenly dancing with music, and down a way they approached obliquely, set with gorgeous pillars as it seemed of clear amethyst, flowed a concourse of gay people and a tumult of

merry cries and laughter. He saw curled heads, wreathed brows, and a happy, intricate flutter of gamboge passed triumphant across the picture.

"You will see," said Asano with a faint smile. "The world has changed. In a moment you will see the mothers of the new age. Come this way. We shall see them yonder again very soon."

They ascended a certain height in a swift lift, and changed to a slower one. As they went on the music grew upon them, until it was near and full and splendid, and, moving with its glorious intricacies, they could distinguish the beat of innumerable dancing feet. They made a payment at a turnstile, and emerged upon the wide gallery that overlooked the dancing place, and upon the full enchantment of sound and sight.

"Here," said Asano, "are the fathers and mothers of the little ones you saw."

The hall was not so richly decorated as that of the Atlas, but saving that, it was, for its size, the most splendid Graham had seen. The beautiful white-limbed figures that supported the galleries reminded him once more of the restored magnificence of sculpture; they seemed to writhe in engaging attitudes, their faces laughed. The source of the music that filled the place was hidden, and the whole vast shining floor was thick with dancing couples. "Look at them," said the little officer. "See how much they show of motherhood."

The gallery they stood upon ran along the upper edge of a huge screen that cut the dancing hall on one side from a sort of outer hall that showed through broad arches the incessant onward rush of the city ways. In this outer hall was a great crowd of less brilliantly dressed people, as numerous almost as those who danced within, the great majority wearing the blue uniform of the Labour Company that was now so familiar to Graham. Unable to pass the turnstiles to the festival, they were yet unable to keep away from the sound of its seductions. Some of them even had cleared spaces, and were dancing also, fluttering their rags in the air. Some shouted as they danced, jests and odd allusions Graham did not understand. Once someone began whistling the refrain of the revolutionary song, but it seemed as though that beginning was promptly suppressed. The corner was dark and Graham could not see. He turned to the hall again. Great black festoons and eloquent sentiments reinforced the huge inscription that partially defaced the upper end of the dancing place, and asserted that "The Festival of the Awakening" was in progress.

"Myriads are taking holiday or staying from work because of that, quite apart from the labourers who refuse to go back," said Asano. "These people are always ready for holidays. And, of course, no one blames them. What is life for but pleasure?"

Graham walked to the parapet and stood leaning over, looking down at the dancers. Save for two or three remote whispering couples, who had stolen apart, he and his guide had the gallery to themselves. A warm breath of scent and vitality came up to him. Both men and women below were lightly clad, bare-armed, open-necked, as the universal warmth of the city permitted. Many of the women were pretty, and all were dressed with elaborate coquetry.

"What sort of people are these?" he asked abruptly.

"Workers—prosperous workers. What you would have called the middle class. Independent tradesmen with little separate businesses have vanished long ago, but there are store servers, managers, engineers of a hundred sorts. To-night is a holiday, of course, and every dancing place in the city will be crowded, and every place of worship."

"But—the women?"

"The same. There's a thousand forms of work for women now. But you had the beginning of the independent working woman in your days. Most women are independent now. Most of these are married more or less, and that gives them more money, and enables them to enjoy such delights as these."

"I see," said Graham looking at the flushed faces, the flash and swirl of movement, and still thinking of that nightmare of pink, helpless limbs. "And these are—mothers."

"Most of them."

Graham stood looking down.

"The more I see of these things," he said, "the more complex I find your problems. This, for instance, is a surprise. That news from Paris was a surprise."

In a little while he spoke again:

"These are mothers. Presently, I suppose, I shall get into the modern way of seeing things. I have old habits of mind clinging about me—habits based, I suppose, on needs that are over and done with. Of course, in our time, a woman was supposed not only to bear children, but to cherish them, to devote herself to them, to educate them—all the essentials of moral and mental education a child owed to its mother. Or went without. Quite a number, I admit, went without. Nowadays, clearly, there is no more need for such care than if they were butterflies. I see that! Only there was an ideal—that figure of a grave, patient woman, silently and serenely mistress of home, mother and maker of men—to love her was a sort of worship."

He stopped, and repeated, "A sort of worship."

"Ideals change," said the little man, "as needs change."

Graham awoke from an instant reverie, and Asano repeated his words. Graham's mind returned to the things at hand.

"Of course, I see the perfect reasonableness of this. Restraint, soberness, the matured thought, the unselfish act, they are necessities of the barbarous state, the life of dangers. Dourness is man's tribute to unconquered nature. But man has conquered nature now for all practical purposes, his political affairs are managed by Bosses with a black police—and life is joyous."

He looked at the dancers again. "Joyous," he said.

"There are weary moments," said the little officer reflectively.

"They all look young. Down there I should be visibly the oldest man. And in my own time I should have passed as middle-aged."

"They are young. There are few old people in this class in the work cities."

"How is that?"

"Old people's lives are not so pleasant as they used to be, unless they are rich to hire lovers and helpers. And we have an institution called Euthanasia."

"Euthanasia!" said Graham. "The easy death?"

"The easy death. It is the last pleasure. The Euthanasia Company does it well. People will pay the sum—it is a costly thing—long beforehand, go off to some pleasure city and return impoverished and weary, very weary."

"There is a lot left for me to understand," said Graham, after a pause. "Yet I see the logic of it. I see the logic of it all. As you say, what pleasure is there in life but pleasure? It's clear—and it's unsympathetic. All our array of angry virtues and sour restraints was the offspring of danger and insecurity. The Stoic, the Puritan, even in my time, were vanishing types. In the old days man was armed against Pain, now he is eager for Pleasure. There lies the difference. Civilization has driven Pain and Danger so far off—for well-to-do people. And only well-to-do people matter. I have been asleep two hundred years."

For a minute they leant on the balustrading, following the intricate evolutions of the dance, and indeed the scene was very beautiful.

"I am King of this world," said Graham suddenly. "And before God, I would rather be a wounded sentinel freezing in the snow than one of these dancing fools!"

He turned abruptly on the little officer and was half surprised to meet an answering light in the sloping eyes. "When one is grieved," said Asano thoughtfully, "one thinks like that—even in these days."

"I am uncivilised," said Graham. "That is the trouble. I am primitive—Palæolithic. Their fountain of rage and fear and anger is sealed and closed, the habits of a lifetime make them cheerful and easy and delightful. You must bear with my nineteenth century shocks and disgusts. These people, you say, are skilled workers and so forth. And while these dance, men are fighting—men are dying in Paris to keep the world—that they may dance."

"For that matter, men are dying in London," said Asano.

There was a moment's silence.

"Where do these sleep?" asked Graham.

"Above and below—an intricate warren."

"And where do they work? This is—the domestic life."

"You will see little work to-night. Half the workers are out or under arms. Half these people are keeping holiday. But we will go to the work places if you wish it."

For a time Graham watched the dancers, then suddenly turned away. "I want to see the workers. I have seen enough of these," he said.

Asano led the way along the gallery across the dancing hall. Presently they came to a transverse passage that brought a breath of fresher, colder air.

Asano glanced at this passage as they went past, stopped, went back to it, and turned to Graham with a faint smile. "Here, Sir," he said, "is something—will be familiar to you at least—and yet — But I will not tell you. Come!"

He led the way along a closed passage that presently became cold. The reverberation of their feet told that this passage was a bridge. They came into a circular gallery that was glazed in from the outer weather, and so reached a circular chamber which seemed familiar, though Graham could not recall distinctly when he had entered it before. In this was a ladder—the first ladder he had seen since his awakening—up which they went, and came into a high, dark, cold place in which was another almost vertical ladder. This they ascended, Graham still perplexed. But at the top he understood, and recognised the metallic bars to which he clung. He was in the cage under the ball of St. Paul's. The dome rose but a little way above the general contours of the city into the still twilight, and sloped away, shining greasily under a few distant lights, into a circumambient ditch of darkness.

Out between the bars he looked upon the wind-clear northern sky and saw the starry constellations all unchanged. Capella hung in the west, Vega was rising, and the seven glittering points of the Great Bear swept overhead in their stately circle about the Pole.

He saw these stars in a clear gap of sky. To the east and south the great circular shapes of complaining wind-wheels blotted out the heavens, so that the glare about the Council House was hidden. To the south-west he saw Orion like a pallid ghost through the tracery of ironwork and interlacing shapes, overhanging a dazzling coruscation of lights about the aeroplane stages. A bellowing and siren screaming that came therefrom warned the world that one of these appliances was ready to start. He remained for a space gazing towards that brilliance. Then his eyes went back to the northward constellations.

For a long time he was silent. "This," he said at last, smiling in the shadow, "seems the strangest thing of all. These old, familiar, silent, shining stars!"

And thence Graham was taken along devious ways to the great gambling and business quarters where the bulk of the fortunes in the city were lost and made. It impressed him as a well-nigh interminable series of very high halls, surrounded by tiers upon tiers of galleries into which opened thousands of offices, and traversed by a complicated multitude of bridges, footways, aerial motor rails, and trapeze and cable leaps. And here more than anywhere the note of vehement vitality, of uncontrollable, hasty activity, rose high. Everywhere was violent advertisement, until his brain swam at the tumult of light and colour. And Babble Machines of a peculiarly rancid tone were abundant and filled the air with strenuous squealing and an idiotic slang. "Skin your eyes and slide!" "Gewhoop, Bonanza!" "Golliers come and hark!" The place seemed to him to be dense with people either dreadfully agitated or swelling with obscure cunning, yet he learnt that the place was comparatively empty, that the great political convulsion of the last few days had reduced transactions to an unprecedented minimum. In one huge place were long avenues of roulette tables, each with an excited, undignified crowd about it; in another a yelping Babel of white-faced women and red-necked leathery-lunged men bought and sold the shares of an absolutely fictitious business undertaking which, every five minutes, paid a dividend of ten per cent. and cancelled a certain proportion of its shares by means of a lottery wheel. These business activities were prosecuted with an energy that readily passed into violence, and Graham approaching a dense crowd found at its centre a couple of prominent merchants in violent controversy with teeth and nails on some delicate point of business etiquette. Something still remained in life to be fought for. Further he had a shock at a vehement announcement in phonetic letters of scarlet flame, each twice the height of a man, that "WE ASSURE THE PROPRIETOR. WE ASSURE THE PROPRIETOR."

"Who's the proprietor?" he asked.

"You."

"But what do they assure me?" he asked. "What do they assure me?"

"Didn't you have assurance?"

Graham thought. "Insurance?"

"Yes—Insurance—I remember that was the older word. They are insuring your life. Dozands of people are taking out policies, myriads of lions are being put on you. And further on other people are buying annuities. They do that on everybody who is at all prominent. Look there!"

A crowd of people surged and roared, and Graham saw a vast black screen suddenly illuminated in still larger letters of burning purple. "Anuetes on the Propraitor—†5 pr. G." The people began to boo and shout at this, a number of hard-breathing, wild-eyed men came running past, clawing with hooked fingers at the air. There was a furious crash about a little doorway.

Asano did a brief calculation. "Seventeen per cent. per annum is their annuity on you. They would not pay so much per cent. if they could see you now, Sire. But they do not know. Your own annuities used to be a very safe investment, but now you are sheer gambling, of course. This is probably a desperate bid. I doubt if people will get their money."

The crowd of would be annuitants grew so thick about them that for some time they could move neither forward nor backward. Graham noticed what appeared to him to be a high proportion of women among the speculators, and was reminded again of the economic independence of their sex. They seemed remarkably well able to take care of themselves in the crowd, using their elbows with particular skill, as he learnt to his cost. One curly-headed person caught in the pressure for a space, looked steadfastly at him several times, almost as if she recognised him, and then, edging deliberately towards him, touched his hand with her arm in a scarcely accidental manner, and made it plain by a look as ancient as Chaldea, that he had found favour in her eyes. And then a lank, grey-bearded man, perspiring copiously in a noble passion of self-help, thrust between them in a cataclysmal rush towards that alluring "† 5 pr. G."

"I want to get out of this," said Graham to Asano. "This is not what I came to see. Show me the workers. I want to see the people in blue. These parasitic lunatics—"

He found himself wedged in a struggling mass of people, and this hopeful sentence went unfinished.

(To be continued)

In Old Vienna Coffee-House

In very few large cities the coffee-house plays as important a part as in Vienna social life. Nearly every Viennese, whether he be rich or poor, high up or low down on the social ladder, old or young, spends a certain part of his day in the coffee-house, generally in one particular coffee-house. What the Viennese wishes for in his coffee-house is a certain amount of comfort and privacy. He wants to sit at one table with his friends, and spend some hours talking or playing. Then he wants to read the daily papers, and the Vienna coffee-houses keep an astounding number of them, and a great many copies of the Vienna dailies, perhaps because the sale of papers in the streets is not allowed. The number of coffee-houses in Vienna is out of all proportion to the size and population of the city. There are a few streets without a café, in most streets there are several, generally in the corner-houses. Whenever one has been ruined and is closed, it is replaced by two or three new ones. These are elegant, luxuriantly furnished, whilst the old ones are simple and old-fashioned. But the old ones have their faithful customers—Government officials, merchants, or officers. A little while ago one of the best-known and most popular Vienna cafés had to close its doors because the house in which it was established was pulled down to make room for a modern building. Its real name was Café National, but the owner's name being Griensteidl, it was never referred to but by that name. It was situated



TYPICAL VISITORS



A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE

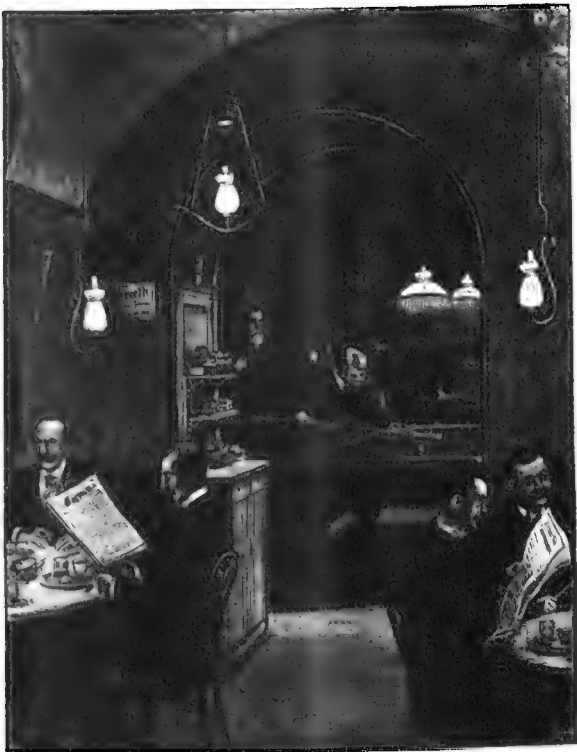
close to the principal entrance to the Imperial Palace in the ground floor of an aristocratic palace of the 17th century. Café Griensteidl was first the political and later the literary café of Vienna. It was opened over fifty years ago, in the very midst of the revolutionary movement of 1847, and in its stuffy rooms were acted many of the scenes of the Vienna revolution. The members of the first Austrian Reichsrath assembled here which held its sittings in the Imperial riding-school close by. Ludwig Kossuth made his fiery speech here when in the spring of 1848 he came with a deputation of the Hungarian Reichstag to Vienna; here the students of the academical legion rattled their swords, and the members of the national burghers' guard went in and out. The eminent actors of the neighbouring Burgtheatre also made the café their trysting place, where they chatted or played a game before it was time to begin dressing. Later authors and journalists, deputies and officials from the neighbouring Government departments formed the chief customers of Café Griensteidl. In its last stage of existence it was the assembly-room of the youngest Viennese *litterati*, the so-called naturalists and verists. A witty young writer who is one of them wrote an article when the coffee-house was pulled down which he called "Die Demoliste Literatur," being of opinion that with the café this modern literature had perished also. The inventory of the coffee-house comprised the old waiter who took the money, who was one of the best known originals of Vienna. One of our illustrations shows the man at work. He knew every individual customer and all his private affairs, his political convictions and sympathies, knew which newspapers he must bring him, and which he could not bear even to look at.

£100,000 Worth of Ivory Sold at One Auction

ONE of the most interesting warehouses at the London Docks, says *The Golden Penny*, in the course of a noticeable illustrated article, is that which contains ivory. Here the ivory is collected for the great sales by auction which take place quarterly. These constitute the largest ivory sales in the world, some ninety tons being sold at each sale at a rough aggregate of 100,000*l*. The world's annual consumption of ivory is estimated at something like one and a half million pounds, valued at 900,000*l*, and to supply this amount 70,000 elephants must be killed. The consumption in Sheffield alone requires the annual slaughter of 22,000 animals. Africa supplies the great bulk of ivory, and it forms one of the principal exports of the Zanzibar merchants. One firm some years ago sent away in one year as many as 6,000 tusks. The supply of ivory is not what it once was, and it seems as if the wild elephant, like the American bison, must eventually be exterminated. The Indian wild elephant has become so scarce of late years that India is now obliged to import a considerable quantity of ivory. Indeed the demand for ivory is constantly increasing, and as the supply becomes less and less the price of ivory rises proportionately. A vast amount of fossil ivory is exported from Eastern Siberia to various countries, chiefly to the Continent, where it is more highly esteemed than in England.

Africa, then, remains the happy hunting ground for the ivory collector. African ivory, too, fetches a higher price than any other, being denser in texture, susceptible of a higher polish, and not so liable to turn yellow when exposed to the light as the Indian kind. In Africa itself the quality is found to vary greatly, the rule being that the warmer the region the finer is the ivory found there. The finest pair of tusks ever brought to Europe came from Uganda, and were valued at 188*l*. 10*s*. The tusk is usually solid for about half its length, the base being quite thin, and therefore of little use for commercial purposes. Only from the upper portion of the tusk can billiard balls and bulkier articles be made.

An ordinary average tusk of about 80*lb*. is worth 50*l*. The price of ivory varies, however, from 20*l*. to 45*l*. a cwt.



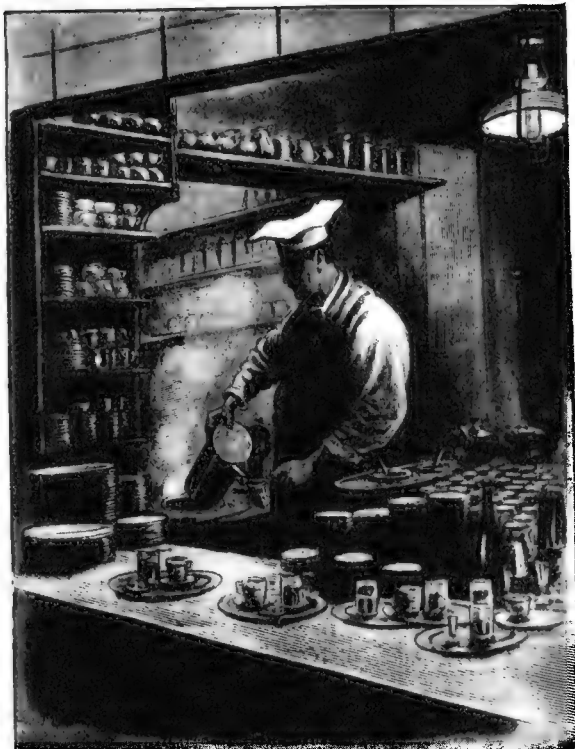
A GLIMPSE INTO THE BILLIARD ROOM



A QUIET GAME OF CHESS

AN OLD VIENNA COFFEE HOUSE

DRAWN BY F. KASKELINE



WHERE THE COFFEE IS MADE



MARKET DAY AT MIDDELBURG IN HOLLAND: THE BUTTER SELLERS
DRAWN BY, REGINALD CLEAVER

The Russian Railway Advance in India

THE serious illness of the Ameer of Afghanistan has given additional point to the news that the Russian Government has recently completed another branch railway to within a few miles of the Afghan frontier. The annexed map shows that this new line points direct to Herat. Except for military purposes there was no conceivable reason for making it, and we are therefore bound to accept the obvious theory that the railway has been built as a means for threatening Afghanistan. It will enable the Russian Government to create if it wishes a military camp within easy marching distance of Herat, and to bring up stores and material with comparative ease. That Russia is perfectly within her right in constructing such a railway cannot be disputed. It nowhere leaves her own territories, and though it only just stops short of the Afghan frontier, the obligation of international courtesy compels us to assume—in public—that this military line has been constructed solely in the interests of peace. At the same time we have to face the awkward fact that England is pledged by treaty to defend the frontiers of Afghanistan. Neither honour nor interest permits us to disregard this solemn obligation, and therefore, if by any chance it should happen that a peace-loving Emperor should use this peaceable line for an aggressive war, it is as well that we should be prepared with the means to make good our undertaking. It is further obvious that if Russia were to gain a foothold in Afghanistan, in spite of our efforts to prevent her, the difficulty of defending the frontiers of India would be increased. On both accounts, therefore, the advance of Russia makes it necessary that the frontier railways of India should be pushed forward, first to enable us the more readily to strike at Russia if she should cross the Afghan frontier, and secondly to make our own frontier secure if Russia should succeed in absorbing any considerable portion of Afghanistan, as she has already absorbed Khiva and Bokhara, Merv and Samarkand.



MAP SHOWING THE RELATIVE ADVANCE OF RUSSIAN AND ENGLISH RAILWAYS ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER

It was with the first of these two objects in view that Lord Beaconsfield, after the last Afghan War, decided to retain Kandahar as a convenient outpost of the Indian Empire. In 1880, however, Lord Beaconsfield was turned out of office, and one of the first acts of the new Ministry, of which Mr. Gladstone was the head, was to hand over Kandahar to Abdurrahman Khan, whom we had just appointed Ameer of Kabul.

In the meantime Quetta had been selected as an alternative outpost in place of Kandahar, and as soon as the Pendjeh incident had made even Downing Street understand what Russian advance meant, money was poured out like water to make Quetta impregnable, and to bring a railway up to it.

ing it against his wish, which is undesirable.

From an engineering point of view, the most interesting part of this railway is to be found in the double loop from Sibi to Bostan. This portion of the route has involved some of the most difficult work that railway engineers have had to face in any part of the world. Three lines altogether were constructed, of which two only survive. The first was very useful as a temporary line, but scarcely had the Indian Government—lulled into false security by the kindness of the seasons—decided to convert this temporary line into a permanent railway, and spent much money on the project, than there came a great storm and washed the whole thing away. Meanwhile a broad-gauge line had been

The Indian Government has succeeded in making Quetta almost perfect for passive defence. For offensive defence it is less well adapted. In the first place the cultivated land in the neighbourhood can only support a meagre force, so that the large body of troops stationed there has to be victualled from India. Secondly, it is for striking purposes on the wrong side of the Khojak Amran range. Realising this the Indian Government put pressure on the Ameer to get him to consent to a slight rectification of frontier so as to give us a foothold on the western side of the range. This having been done, the railway was extended and a tunnel pierced through the range—a process which the Ameer indignantly described as “boring a hole in his side.” The new terminus of the line is at Chaman. Thence to Kandahar is practically level ground, the distance is only seventy-two miles, and the engineers estimate that they could have trains running into Kandahar within three months of receiving an order to continue the railway. Sufficient material is stored in readiness at Chaman to carry the line some twenty miles beyond Kandahar across the next river. Needless to say, however, the railway cannot be extended until either the Ameer consents to the extension, which is unlikely, or takes some step which would justify us in build-



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY F. A. DISBROW

it is difficult, writes a correspondent, to imagine any more exacting work for men and horses than freighting on the frozen lakes during the winter. The terrible blizzards, the ever-shifting snow which entirely obliterates any regular trail, the dangerous cracks at which many a good horse is lost, these troubles, taken

in conjunction with the fact that stabling on the route is usually poor and that rations are sometimes short, make the lot of man and beast fearfully arduous

constructed on a more northerly route, known as the Harnai route. This line still survives, and is shown in the map. Much splendid engineering work has been put into it, and most of the difficulties have been surmounted. But there is one that baffles all engineers. It is a moving mountain of mud. The existence of this obstacle makes it impossible to rely on the Harnai line, and a third railway has therefore been constructed, more nearly along the route followed by the first. Here again there is some magnificent engineering, and no fatal obstacle has yet presented itself. This Mushkaf-Bolán route, as it is called, is a good deal shorter than the Harnai route, and though the gradients are very heavy the engines manage to get over them. In any case it is unlikely that both the railways from Sibi to Bostán will be simultaneously interrupted, so that the line of communications between the advanced post at Chaman and the rest of India may be considered secure.

Assuming both Kandahar and Kabul to be held by a sufficient force, a Russian advance on India would be impossible. But as at present we hold neither place it is as well to make provision for blocking the gaps in the fences along our existing frontier. A good deal in this direction has already been done. It will be seen from the map that on the eastern side of the Indus there are railways stretching the whole distance from the great cantonment of Rawal Pindi in the north of the Punjab to Hyderabad in Sind. Numerous other lines, built as much for commercial as for military purposes, connect this long line with the main centres of population. Thus what may be called the inner side of the Indus is already well served with railways, and will be still better served as the extension of irrigation leads to a demand for more railways for commercial purposes.

On the outer or western side of the Indus there are at present only two lines which can be regarded as military, namely, the short length connecting Rawal Pindi, by way of Attock bridge, to Peshawar, and the Quetta line or lines already described in some detail. It must be pointed out, however, that the line from Kurrachee to Sukkur, though primarily commercial, would be of immense value for the conveyance of men and stores arriving direct from England. Further, it has been decided in principle to construct a third trans-Indus railway. The probable point of crossing the Indus would be a few miles above Khusálgarh, where the difficulties are less serious than lower down. The line would then make for Kohat, and thence skirt the foot of the hills to Bannu. A branch has been suggested from Kohat up to Kurram Fort, the route followed by Lord Roberts in his march on Kabul. From Bannu it has been suggested that the railway should continue to skirt the hills as far as Dera Ismail Khan, thus guarding all feasible passes in this section of the frontier. The surveys for the lines here mentioned have all been made, and offer no serious difficulties. A more ambitious and much-talked-of project is the Zhob Valley Railway. This would start from Dera Ismail Khan on the Indus, and keep close to the River Zhob and the Upper Zhob Valley till it joined the Harnai Railway not far from Bostán. The engineering difficulties in the way of this project are very serious, and the expense would be enormous.

Looking at the position as a whole, it cannot be said that there is

any cause for serious anxiety. The alarmists, who are always talking of a Russian invasion of India, habitually write as if all the difficulties were on our side and none on Russia's. They forget that all Russian troops and stores destined for Central Asia must be brought across that very awkward piece of shallow water, the Caspian Sea; that they then must be conveyed several hundred miles across a single line of desert, sand-swept railway. Arrived on the Afghan frontier they have to capture Herát, to cross the Hindu Koosh, to capture Kabul, to capture Jalalabad, to capture the Khyber. They will then find themselves facing the fortress of Peshawar with the Indus behind it, and behind that the great fortified camp of Rawal Pindi. Or if they take the more southern route they must capture Kandahar, get over the Khoja

remember that Russia is a Power whose strength grows as well as our own. As she enlarges her means of attack by extending her military railways, so must we enlarge our means of defence, not in any spirit of panic, but as a common-sense precaution against a possible, if remote, danger.

Life on Lake Winnipeg

THE geographical position of Lake Winnipeg caused it early to become the centre of the vast north and north-west trade of the Hudson's Bay Company, and around the various ports established

at points of strategical importance, gathered the nucleus of the Indian population dwelling on these shores to-day. Long and close contact with the civilization and discipline of "The Company's" officials and white employés, and a certain amount of intermarriage with the Scotch and French servants attached to the ports, has developed a race which has reached an interesting stage of moral evolution. Still, however ardent may be its civilised aspirations, the environment of a hunter's life perpetuates the main traits of character which are common to the whole Indian race and preserves to its individuals, attired, even as they are, in the raiments of the prosaic white man, a certain residue of picturesqueness. The people are law-abiding, cheerful under great hardships, and largely embracing Christianity—under the zealous teaching of a large staff of Missionaries, and the influence of education, the Government maintaining a good school on every reserve. The events which mark periods in the yearly existence of these people are, first, the spring hunt, when the hunters and their families leave their reserves and proceed up the numerous rivers far inland to their hunting grounds; secondly, the Treaty payment, when the people gather again on their reserves to meet the Indian agent and receive their annuity of five dollars per head and other allowances under the Treaty, by which they ceded their title to the country to the Canadian Government, and engage in a few days of innocent fun and frolic; thirdly, the fall fishing, when the white fish (the staple article of food) come inshore to spawn, and are netted and hung on stages in thousands for winter



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY F. A. DISBROWE

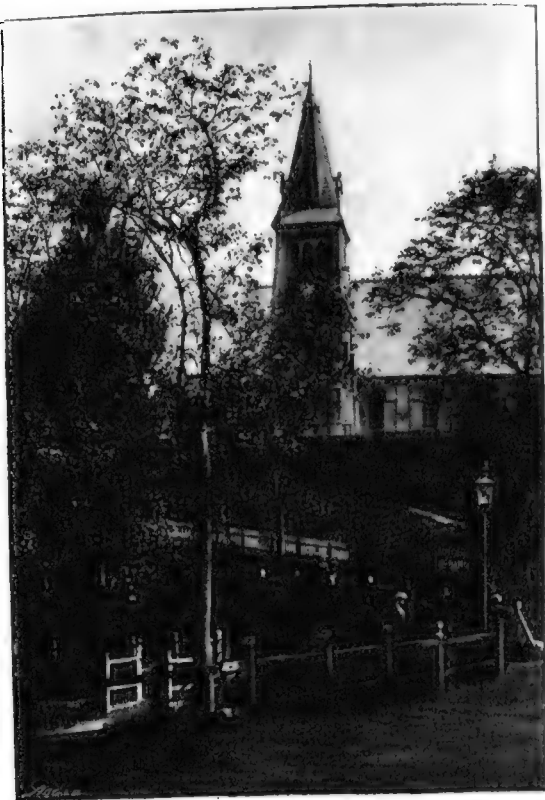
AN EXHAUSTED FISH-FREIGHTER RESCUED IN A BLINDING BLIZZARD
LIFE ON LAKE WINNIPEG: IN THE NICK OF TIME

Amran range, and then either capture the gigantic fortress of Quettah, or mask it with a separate army, while they try to crawl down to the plains of India through one of the almost impassable byways. When they reach the plains there will still be the Indus to cross, a river which British engineers have as yet only succeeded in bridging in three places. Once across the Indus they would have to choose between facing the deserts of Rajputana or the military forces which we could collect in the Punjab. To accomplish all this in the teeth of foes who are not in the habit of running away is a task altogether beyond the existing strength of Russia. For the present we can safely laugh at the danger of a Russian invasion of India. At the same time it is important to

food; and, fourthly, the winter fur and deer hunt, and winter fishing under the ice. The lake freezes up about November 1, and the ice, some four to five feet thick, breaks up from the first of May to the first of June, according to latitude. During open water skiiffs and birch bark canoes are the Indian mode of travelling, whilst "York boats" do the post-to-post freighting of the Hudson's Bay Company. The freighting of the fish in winter is a most arduous task, both for men and horses, especially when, as often occurs, it has to be in the teeth of a snowstorm. The lake is frozen over, and there are no means of transport except sleighs.



LOOP ON THE DARJEELING HIMALAYAN RAILWAY NEAR SINDHAIRA



THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW



THE EDEN SANATORIUM



A BHOOTEA ORCHID SELLER



JELLAPAHAR MILITARY CANTONMENTS LOOKING NORTH

PICTURESQUE DARJEELING

From Photographs by F. Kapp and Co.



This beautiful effect of clouds in the valleys, when only the tops of the hills are visible, is often seen about Darjeeling

VIEW FROM NEAR SANDAKPHOO AT AN ELEVATION OF ABOUT 12,000 FEET

About Darjeeling

By A RESIDENT

INDIA has of late been brought within such easy reach of the old country, that a tour there presents almost fewer difficulties than, and is not thought so much of, as was a trip to Paris some forty to fifty years ago. The winter, or "cold weather," as it is called there, spent in India is a pleasant change from the frost and snow of December and January in England, and very few "globe-trotters" visit Calcutta without spending at least a day or two in Darjeeling, "the Queen of Hill Stations," as some enthusiastic resident has proudly called it. From near Darjeeling the view of the Himalayas, extending over some two to three hundred miles of peak after peak of eternal snow, and embracing, as it does, the highest mountains of the world, stands indeed unrivalled in its grandeur.

The district of Darjeeling, originally belonging to Independent Sikkim, is a wedge of territory, some thirty or forty miles broad, running up into the Himalayas for about sixty to seventy miles from the plains of India, and is

bounded on the west by Negral, on the north by Sikkim and Thibet, and on the east by Bhootan. It was granted by the Raja of Sikkim to Sir Joseph Hooker, or General William Aylmer Lloyd, for a sanatorium for British troops, but now Sikkim itself has come under British influence, and is virtually ruled by a British Resident, whilst Negral and Bhootan are, of course, independent.

The journey from Calcutta to Darjeeling, not so very long ago, was no mean undertaking, lasting more than a week, and involving days and days in bullock carts, and palkees borne by men; but nowadays the Eastern Bengal and Darjeeling-Himalayan Railways have brought Darjeeling within twenty-two hours of the metropolis, and it is to tea, the staple industry of the district, which has enabled a paying railway to be constructed, that the weary dweller in the stifling plains owes the boon of an occasional holiday in the cooler atmosphere of the hills, and the sightseer of a view of some of the finest mountain scenery of the world.

The Darjeeling traveller leaves Calcutta by the Eastern Bengal Railway about half-past four in the afternoon, and as the country is flat and uninteresting until the foot of the Himalayas is reached, it is pleasanter to traverse it, as one

does, chiefly by night than in the heat of the day. Dinner is served between 8 and 9 p.m. on board the ferry steamer, which crosses a branch of the Ganges, the passage occupying about half an hour, and on the further bank the traveller joins the Northern Bengal line, now incorporated with the Eastern Bengal, and, after spending the night in the train, Siliguri is reached about six o'clock in the morning. On a clear morning at dawn, long before Siliguri is reached, the early riser is rewarded by a lovely view of the mountains, rising one behind the other, higher and higher, with the everlasting snows far in the background stretching east and west along the northern horizon as far as the eye can reach.

Siliguri is situated some nine miles from the foot of the Himalayas, and is the terminus of the wonderful little railway, which gradually rising over 7,500 feet in height, with a total length of about fifty miles, brings the traveller to his destination. To the eye accustomed to the giant engines of the English lines, the miniature little train with its tiny engine and two-foot gauge line, seems hardly more than a toy, but contempt soon gives way to respect when one finds one's self gradually rising higher and higher above the plains into the clouds.



A well-known beggar-woman
"THE WITCH OF GHOOM"



DARJEELING LOOKING NORTH

PICTURESQUE DARJEELING

From Photographs by F. Kapp and Co.

For the greater part of the way the line is laid on the high road, only diverging from it occasionally in order to avoid too sharp a turn or too steep a gradient.

The ways of circumventing too sharp a corner or too steep a bit of road are simple, but ingenious and novel. For the former the line curves suddenly round, forming a complete circle, or "loop," as it is called, rising and crossing itself by a bridge at a 10 ft. or 15 ft. higher elevation; for the latter, the line goes backwards and forwards in a series of steps up the hill explainable by the name of "reversing stations."

Shortly after leaving Siliguri, the Mahanuddy River is crossed by a fine bridge, and, a few miles further on, the lines of dark green bushes and white buildings of the first tea plantation—or garden, as it is locally known—are seen, and from there, right on to Darjeeling, tea plantations are continually visible, dotted about on apparently the most inaccessible slopes, the iron-roofed bungalows and factories being most conspicuous, glistening in the sun.

Tindharia, at an elevation of 2,500 ft., is reached about 10 a.m., and here breakfast is partaken of. Then on again, and as the little train gradually mounts the hill, the line below is visible for a long distance, and a magnificent view of the plains, stretching out for miles and miles, is obtainable, with silver streaks in the far distance, marking the course of the great rivers, winding away to join the mighty Ganges and eventually swell the waters of the Bay of Bengal.

The air now begins to grow perceptibly cooler, and, if in the "cold weather" months, a great coat or ulster and rug will be in requisition long before reaching Kurseong, at 11.30 a.m.

Kurseong is a pretty little station about twenty miles from Darjeeling, at an elevation of 5,000 ft., and is the headquarters of the Sub-Divisional Officer, or Assistant Magistrate, of the District. Invalids from Calcutta, or the plains, often break the journey to Darjeeling at the Clarendon Hotel here, finding the sudden change from the heat of the plains to the cold of Darjeeling too great to be undertaken all at once.

The ascent from Kurseong at 5,000 ft. to Ghoom at 7,400 ft. (the highest point touched by the line), a distance of fifteen miles, is more gradual, being hardly perceptible to the eye, whilst the road is visible for miles ahead winding in and out of the hillside.

Ghoom is situated immediately below the military cantonments of Jellapahar, where invalid soldiers from the plains are sent to regain their health. A figure well known to all previous visitors to Darjeeling, fair weather or foul, invariably meets the mail trains here, in the shape of a very old Bhootia beggar-woman, known to many as the "Witch of Ghoom." She lives on what travellers give her, and in her native dress makes a decidedly picturesque object, though too close an acquaintance is not advisable. From Ghoom the line descends rather abruptly for a distance of three miles into Darjeeling to an elevation of 6,500 ft., a sudden turn in the road bringing almost the whole of the pretty station into view, with the houses dotted close together all over the hillside, and beyond, on a fine day, grand old Kinchinjunga rearing its beautiful snow-capped head to a height of 28,000 ft. above sea level.

In modern improvements Darjeeling outrivals most of the towns of the East, its three latest achievements being the installation of electric lighting, a Pasteur filter on a large scale, by means of which all the water supplied through the municipal pipes is first filtered, and a steam laundry, and though captious critics and grumblers rail at and abuse all three, there is little doubt, when minor defects are remedied, each will prove a boon to the residents.

There are two good hotels in Darjeeling, while for invalids, or those recovering from illness, the Eden Sanatorium, is a very fine institution. As the name indicates, it was projected by Sir Ashley Eden, when he was Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. The story goes, that a friend of his, a well-to-do resident of Calcutta, coming up hill from the plains was refused admittance to several of the hotels and boarding houses, and Sir Ashley, being very much annoyed when he heard it, declared he would provide accommodation which should be available for all classes of invalids, the Eden Sanatorium being the result. It is a fine building, with a resident surgeon and two of the Clewer Sisters in charge. It is divided into four classes. First, intermediate, second, and third; and the charges include medical attendance by the Civil Surgeon of the station—who is *ex-officio* Superintendent of the Sanatorium—as well as by the Resident Surgeon, a subordinate medical officer; and also all medicines. The situation, just above the native bazaar and native police lines, and approach through the same, are rather unfortunate; but other good sites were unavailable, and the institution at present is such a boon that it is hard to imagine what invalids did before it was started; it has doubtless been the means of saving a fair number of lives in the course of its existence.

Darjeeling is the headquarters of the Bengal Government during the hot weather, and the Shrubbery, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, with its fine durbar hall—more often used as a ball-room than for durbars—is one of the most conspicuous buildings in the station. In addition to the Parish Church of St. Andrews, which has lately been considerably enlarged, there are several churches and chapels belonging to various denominations, amongst them the Scotch Mission Church, Union Chapel, and Roman Catholic Chapel attached to the convent. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Calcutta, Archbishop Goethals, has a fine palace built a few years ago, which is a prominent feature of the station. There is a good residential gentlemen's club, and an amusement club for both sexes, where theatricals, balls, and

entertainments of all kinds take place, with a rink, covered-in tennis court, and a lot of lawn tennis and Badminton courts attached. The Amusement Club is a great rendezvous on wet afternoons when people meet to drink tea, read papers, and talk scandal.

Until recently Darjeeling was left to the protection of a mule battery of Artillery and a couple of hundred convalescent soldiers from various regiments in the plains, but Government has now acquired a large block of land called Lebong, situated on a spur a couple of miles below Darjeeling to the north, and barracks have been rapidly erected, and already half a battalion is located there.

The European shops have greatly increased of late years; before the advent of the railway there was only one European shop, a general store, where most things were very poor and very expensive. Now there are nearly a dozen European shops, several of the leading Calcutta firms having branch establishments there.

Darjeeling has a very good native market and bazaar. Sunday is the great market day, when people from miles and miles round come to buy their week's supplies and sell their products, whether fruit, vegetables, fish, meat, or live stock. It is well worth a stranger's while to go down to the bazaar between 8 and 9 a.m. on Sunday mornings, if only to see the varied nationalities and costumes always present then. Native curios, cloths, wild beasts' skins, &c., of any kind can be purchased, too, but alas! the



The Scala Santa is said to have been brought by the Mother of Constantine from Jerusalem, where they formed the stairs to Pilate's house, which the Saviour descended when he left the judgment seat. The steps, which are twenty-eight in number, are of marble, and penitents are only allowed to ascend them on their knees. At the summit is a Gothic chapel, called the Santa Sanctorum, formerly the private chapel of the Popes, and the only part now remaining of their ancient palace. The San a Sanctorum is only open to the Pope, and on the day before Palm Sunday to the Canons of the Lateran for adoration. During Holy Week crowds of the faithful ascend the Scala Santa to do penitence, descending by the parallel staircases on either side.

PENITENTS ASCENDING THE STAIRS ON THEIR KNEES DURING HOLY WEEK
THE HOLY STAIRCASE AT THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE LATERAN, ROME
DRAWN BY A. BIANCHINI

demand for them of late years has not only greatly enhanced the price, but deteriorated the quality, the astute Oriental, whether hill or plainsman, being always ready to take the fullest advantage of the ignorance of his customer.

There are two distinct gay seasons in Darjeeling, the first lasting through April, May, and part of June, the hot months in Calcutta before the rains burst and whilst the Lieutenant-Governor and headquarters of the Bengal Government are located there; and the second, the shorter but more festive, for part of September and October, depending altogether on the great annual holiday which takes place at the Hindu Festival of the Doorgah Poojah, when all business, Government and commercial, is almost entirely suspended in Calcutta and all over Bengal generally for a shorter or longer period, all the courts, banks, and offices being closed for some days at least, almost perforce, as the Hindu employés cannot be persuaded to work, and work cannot go on without them. During the interval between the two seasons the Lieutenant-Governor and various heads of departments disperse to the plains on tour during the rains, leaving Darjeeling almost deserted.

During the "Poojah" week or ten days, which—depending on the moon—occurs between September 22 or 23 and October 22 or 23, Darjeeling is always crammed, and unless arrangements are made beforehand accommodation is very difficult to procure, and the improvident visitor may consider himself lucky if he gets a shakedown on or under a billiard table or similar quarters.

Middelburg Butter Market

By DAVID S. MELDRUM

It is in such a scene as this that one envies especially the artist his pencil. By means of it he realises for us the wide, delicious cool spaces, and words no doubt could do that; but words are ineffective to convey with his accuracy of detail the broad dispositions of these Dutch peasant groups. There are butter markets in every corner of Holland, but this one could be nowhere else than in Middelburg. Apart from local peculiarities connected with the industry which only a native eye could detect, such as the size and shape of the butter baskets, the costumes are plainly Walcheren. In no other part of the country, not even in the adjoining island of South Beveland, do the peasant women wear the fine-textured straw hats, which are shown here. There is no Dutch national costume, though it is usual to speak as if there were. The women in the cheese markets in provinces farther east group themselves in pictures of black and white, black masses picked out with the whites of caps and aprons, more as we find them in Belgium, and with a greater refinement of effect than here in Zeeland. Dress distinguishes the Friesland woman from the woman of Brabant, the South Holland islander from the Zeelander, and within these broad

provincial characteristics are others more particularly marking off districts and even villages. Cities and towns are outside these considerations, for in them costume has died out. Here in Middelburg, for example, it is seen only on country marketers, or on country girls who have come into the town as serving maids, and have not yet abandoned their native dress. Sometimes the provincial costume is adopted by town ladies on occasion, as in Friesland recently, but it is the every-day possession of the peasants only. In the fish and butter and cheese and vegetable markets, therefore, we find it in all its variety, and nowhere so complete as in the Middelburg market, which is held every Thursday, for all Zeeland flocks there, and Zeeland is in this matter the most primitive of the Dutch provinces, and in all matters probably the most Conservative.

Being plain, not coloured, Mr. Cleaver's drawing misses the gaudiness of the original scene, and therein improves upon it. As a rule Dutch costumes are curious rather than particularly harmonious; sometimes, especially on Sunday, they run into barbarous extravagances. They are always finest as they accord most nearly with the daily toil, in the fields or on the sea. For this reason, the fishermen and the boers look more dignified than their womenkind, though the women do their share of work; and both men and women are more becoming on weekdays than on Sunday. There is no finer up-standing fellow than the fisherman of Urk, on Amsterdam quay, say. Once, when travelling in the train in Zeeland, at dusk, I caught a glimpse of a mounted boer, pulled up on the road where it ran over the dyke, awaiting our passing before he crossed the line. He was dressed in the austere garb shown in the picture here, and cloaked, and had thrown his horse upon its haunches as he reined up under the shadows of the elm trees. It would be difficult to see in life a more virile and romantic figure than that Zeeland farmer made. One reason why the men seldom appear incongruously dressed while the women often do, is that the transition from costume to ordinary peasant garb is easier and quicker in their case. In every market on the mainland women can be seen wearing the commonest flower-and-feather bedecked bonnet on the top of a Holland cap or a Friesland helmet. In some of the Zeeland villages even the headdress is the only remnant of costume left. But in Walcheren there are few signs of the costume dying out. The women wear it complete, from the straw hat and mules to the shoes with black and white leather bows and silver buckles. And although the colours are sometimes gaudy, the ornaments are always of real gold and silver: Dutch peasant women never wear pinchbeck, even under the vulgarest of modern bonnets. It is the artist's privilege, of course, to select his model, and one often sees in Zeeland handsome girls like those in the foreground here, though frequently with uncommonly complexions, and disfigured by arms barbarously red from exposure to the sun, and also, one imagines, from the

congestion caused by the tight velvet sleeve-band. So, too, it is easy to find in Zeeland men features that accord well with their dignified and austere dress, although just as often there is a ludicrous incongruity between face and figure, and in the figure some of the bunched-up awkwardness which the artist has maliciously concentrated upon the *jongens* in the centre of the picture.

Middelburg, to which these peasants have brought their butter for sale, is the capital of the half-a-dozen islands that make up the Province of Zeeland. It is situated in Walcheren, and some distance inland; but in earlier days it was a maritime town, with a harbour from which the Zeelanders sailed on their valiant enterprises against the Spaniard, some of which are represented in the famous tapestry of Jan de Maecht, still preserved in the Abbey. The borders of Holland are continually shifting, and nowhere to so great an extent as in the islands. The toughest fight with the sea is waged in them. That fight is offensive as well as defensive. At various times all Zeeland has been submerged. The enormous dyke at West Capelle, on the west coast of Walcheren, has been broken more than once. Early in the sixteenth century the island was submerged for three weeks. In the present century the water has stood in Middelburg to the roofs of the houses. An interesting illustration of the aggression of the sea is the fate of Reimerswaal, in South Beveland. In the golden age of Holland it was a town with considerable civic pretensions, one of the five which possessed a vote in the States of Zeeland. By-and-by it was submerged. A hundred



CAPTAIN BLAKENEY AND HIS MEN WHO HULD PANGUMA



PANGUMA IN FLAMES, BURNT BY THE BESIEGED

years ago one standing on the *slikken* could see some of the ruins of it at low water. Now the place where it was swallowed up is entirely forgotten. The sea, however, is having the worst of the fight. The Zealanders are not only defending what remains of their country against further inroads, but are reclaiming some of it that was lost; that which was once a nebulous province is gradually becoming one main-land. In this way Middelburg, like many another maritime town in Holland, has been removed inland, and has declined in consequence. Situate on the Schelde, with an outlet upon it, the town in the Middle Ages was by nature an important commercial depot. Its charter, preserved in the Town Hall still, is the oldest of the Dutch city charters in existence, and is interesting also from the fact that, though granted by Count Willem in the twelfth century, it is written in a very strong and flexible Dutch. After the fall of Bruges, and again after the fall of Antwerp, as Hanseatic centres, traders with capital crossed to Middelburg and settled there, and the many country seats in Walcheren gave evidence of the wealth of the Middelburg merchants. Nowadays it has fallen into more commonplace paths of trade; it engages in several manufactures, without being pre-eminent in any one. But while declined from an ancient estate of some greatness Middelburg has ceded none of its dignity. It possesses the Abbey, partially restored, and the Town Hall, dating from the Great Age, with the statues of twenty-five Counts and Countesses of Holland and Zealand in its Gothic front, and many fine mansions besides, and these give the town the air of a stately dame who carries some of the graces of her youth into her old age.

The Rising in Sierra Leone

WHEN the trouble arose last year in Sierra Leone through the imposition of the hut-tax, and disaffection spread rapidly through the various provinces, fears were expressed for the safety of the Europeans and loyal natives who were stationed in the isolated post of Panguma, near the Liberian frontier, and, in spite of the rains, which rendered military operations extremely difficult, an expeditionary force was at once despatched to their assistance. Their relief was successfully accomplished, but not before the English officers had stood a long siege by the enemy under exceptionally trying circumstances. Under Captain Blakeney they held the town gallantly against great odds, but, rations running short, and all communication with Freetown being cut off, they were obliged to live on native food for six weeks, and, to add to their difficulties, their own men became dissatisfied with their scanty rations and gave no little trouble. Later on Panguma was again occupied during the operations of the Sierra Leone Protectorate Expeditionary Force, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham, D.S.O., which concentrated early this year at Kamre Lahun for the purpose of restoring order in the



PRIVATE FODI KAMARA
Who distinguished himself in the attack on the enemy's stockade

a Maxim under Lieutenant Hall, of the Suffolk Regiment.



Captain Warren Dr. Horrocks Sub-Inspector
Captain Blakeney Taylor, D.S.O.
OFFICERS AT PANGUMA DURING THE SIEGE

eastern provinces of that Colony. Colonel Cunningham's troops consisted almost entirely of the West African Regiment, who were raised in April, 1898, and have been on active service from June, 1898, until the beginning of February of this year, by which time the object of the Expedition having been attained, and the country pacified, the troops returned to Freetown with the exception of half of E Company West African Regiment, which remains at Panguma with a 7-pounder gun and

The William Black Memorial Fund

A COMMITTEE is being formed for the purpose of founding a suitable memorial to the late William Black. The memorial may take the form of a lifeboat for the West Coast of Scotland, that suggestion, made by Lord Archibald Campbell, having met with cordial response.

An influential committee is being formed, and some of those who have already replied to an invitation to join are:—Mr. J. M. Barrie, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Geo. H. Boughton, R.A., Mr. W. Leatham Bright, Dr. Lauder Brunton, Lady Victoria Campbell, Major Macdonald Hall, Mr. T. C. Hedderwick, M.P., Mr. C. Lewis Hind, editor of the *Academy*, Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., Mr. H. J. Infield, *Sussex Daily News*, The Marquis of Lorne, K.T., Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Lindsay Macarthur, Mr. C. W. McIlvaine, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, R.A.M., the Very Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., Mr. J. MacWhirter, R.A., Mr. E. Marston, Sir Theodore Martin, Mr. J. G. Morten, Madame de Navarro, Mr. Alfred Parson, A.R.A., Sir Wemyss Reid, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Sir John Robinson, Mr. Charles Russell, editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, Sir Felix Semon, Lord Strathcona and Mountroyal, the Duchess of Sutherland, Baron Tauchnitz, Mr. W. L. Thomas, *The Graphic*, Mr. J. L. Toole, and the editor of the *Oban Times*. Lord Archibald Campbell will act as hon. treasurer. All communications should be addressed to the care of Messrs. Coutts, 59, Strand, W.C. Miss A. L. Stronach, 118, Warwick Street, Eccleston Square, S.W., is the honorary secretary.

THE NEW FRENCH GOLD COINS will soon be in regular circulation, the first instalment having been distributed in official circles. Though handsome pieces, they do not meet with general approval, as the Gallic cock on the reverse of the coin is considered too undignified as the heraldic emblem of an important country like France.

PRESIDENT FAURE'S TOMB in the Parisian cemetery of Père Lachaise is still visited by throngs of people anxious to carry off some souvenir in the shape of withered flowers from the wreaths still scattered about. All the ribbons bearing inscriptions, and the handsome metal wreaths and palm branches have been taken away for Madame Faure to keep at her home.

THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES will not be long behind the fleets of European countries when the Government plans are approved. As usual the trouble is to get the funds voted, a certain party in Congress strongly opposing the grant, so that the Government have had to cut down their programme considerably. Six swift cruisers will be begun at once, but enough money is not forthcoming for the three big battleships to match the largest European models which the Government are anxious to see built without delay.



INSIDE PANGUMA BARRACKS, SHOWING THE ENEMY'S STOCKADE ON THE FREETOWN ROAD



THE BARRACKS AT PANGUMA BEFORE THE SIEGE

THE RISING IN THE SIERRA LEONE HINTERLAND

Notes from the Magazines

THE *Wide World*, which still continues to pour forth the amazing chronicle of Mr. Louis de Robinson Crusoe, contains an immense amount of thrilling material. Among the sporting adventures Mr. Walter Bone's account of his adventures with leopards is capital reading. On one occasion he waited on a flimsy stage, built on a tree for a famous man-eating leopard, which he hoped to tempt with a tethered goat. After a lengthy wait the beast appeared, but he took no stock of the goat at all. He saw Mr. Bone, and said, doubtless, here's metal more attractive. However the sportsman was too wide awake, and he retreated for a time, but at last the writer saw a long grey form come crouching towards him:—

I almost laughed at the softness of the shot; in my innocence I imagined that the leopard had failed to observe me, and with the object of crippling the brute and allowing the villagers the satisfaction of finishing him, fired at the base of the spine. Then I was sharply undeceived.

Simultaneously with the report of the rifle the leopard emitted a screaming roar, flung his forequarter round, and sprang up at me. My bullet had damaged his pelvis, and he leapt short. As he came I threw myself back upon the stage in mortal fear, and my outspread hand providentially touched and instantly closed round the butt of my revolver. He landed with his forearms between my legs—I shall never forget the fiendish expression of his face—while his hind legs grappled and tore at the trunk of the tree, and, as he thrust forward his gaping jaws to seize my side, I threw the muzzle of the revolver over my hip and fired blindly. The bullet struck him in the vicinity of the ear, and threw him off the stage, and, as he again attempted to leap up, I fired down into his chest and stopped him.

includes a large residential district of well-to-do women of the middle class. This may not be palatable advice—it is unquestionably sound.

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF ALL

In the same magazine there is a rather amusing article on famous bachelor women, giving their views on their work, and particularly on the unmarried state in relation thereto. The most amusing part of it relates to Miss Mary Kingsley, the intrepid explorer, who has waded swamps, captivated cannibals, and "shot" rapids with such zeal. But Miss Kingsley is modest, and scarcely thinks single women can claim to be adventurers "because the greatest adventure of all must be getting married." When asked if she found being a single woman a disadvantage in travelling, she admitted that it was a great disadvantage:—

I had to answer so many embarrassing questions as to why I had not a husband and a family. Cannibals don't understand bachelor women. I found it very awkward to explain the position. On one occasion I was being rowed to Andande by a native who called himself Samuel. His wife sat in the stern of the boat. Presently Samuel began a conversation in his best English. "Where be your husband, Ma?" said he, after contemplating me with curiosity for a time. "I no got one," I answered. "No got," said Samuel, paralysed with astonishment. After an interval he recovered himself and returned to the charge. "No got a husband, Ma?" "No," said I furiously. "Do you get much rubber round here?" "Me no a trade man," replied Samuel, refusing to fall into my trap for changing conversation. "Why you no got one, Ma?" "Because I haven't," I retorted; but Samuel was not to be so easily satisfied, and I had to run the gauntlet of further questioning, which is unreportable. I

This woman was Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle. For Lucy Percy's sake many things were done which history attributes to very different motives. What made Strafford—who came of a Liberal house, who was carried into Parliament by Liberal votes, and who twice married into Liberal families—all at once abandon his friends and principles and become a courtier and a tool of tyranny? Love of King Charles? No; love of Lucy Percy. Then this beautiful but frail woman wearied both of her lover and her politics, and transferred her affections to Pym, the leader of the Commons. "From the inmost recesses of Whitehall," she animated the faction at Westminster," says the polite St. Evremont; while Sir Philip Warwick writes, "That busy stateswoman, the Countess of Carlisle, has now changed her gallant from Strafford to Pym, and has become such a saint that she frequents sermons and takes notes." Strafford stands in history as a martyr for royal privilege, Pym as a hero of popular liberty. The two hated each other well for political reasons, but it was the false fascinating woman between their lives that made Strafford long by any means to put Pym under the King's heel, and, when Strafford fell, made Pym so cruel as to refuse the adversary the three days' life he asked for.

Certainly the Parliamentary party owed much to Lucy Percy; this be true.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE?

The first number of *The Captain*, the new magazine for boys, which has every element of success about it, so attractive and varied are its contents, has a very amusing article in the nature of a symposium, to which a number of eminent people shining in the most divergent professions have answered an editorial question as to what they wanted to be when boys. Mr. Stanley's boyish ideal was the missionary; Lord Roberts always intended to be a soldier. Mr. Conan Doyle told his master he wanted to be a civil engineer, to which that gentleman replied:



"On arriving at St. Michael," writes our correspondent, "resh berths had to be secured. A so-called committee had undertaken to obtain advantageous rates from the companies by representing 100 passengers. Meanwhile we had to get our baggage on to the rocks, and sit there like a collection of Alexander Selkirks, each on his rock, waiting for the proverbial something to turn up."

TO KLONDYKE AND BACK: WAITING FOR A STEAMER AT ST. MICHAEL, ALASKA

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRUPP, R.W.S.

Scream! I never heard such a demoniacal noise in my life. He struggled and squirmed to the edge of the ravine and disappeared, while I sat and watched him go, utterly dazed with nervous shock. It was some days before I quite recovered, though my only injury was a trivial scratch on the thigh, and it was other days before we found what remained of the carcass, which had been pretty well devoured by hyenas.

I have had some unpleasant experiences, says Mr. Bone, but I think the Jomvu incident will live longest in my memory.

DRESSMAKING FOR WOMEN

Miss Frances Low, writing in the *Woman at Home* on profitable employments for women, deals in the new number with dressmaking, but gives in the first instance some sound advice to would-be business women. A large proportion of failures in the enterprises set up by ladies in the West End, she says, are undoubtedly due to want of sufficient capital. Dressmaking, like any other business, requires capital, and here is her estimate:—

The expenses of a West End dressmaker are enormous; rent is very high to begin with, current expenses are large, and, more than anything else, it must be remembered fashionable women expect and get long credit—a year is quite usual—from their dressmaker. This being so, I do not advise any woman to set up a dressmaking business in the West End unless she have sufficient capital to pay the rent of her premises—which ranges from 150*l.* to 400*l.*—the wages of her workwomen, her monthly instalments to the firms who supply her with materials, and a current expenses, for the first four years.

But this is not the only point. There is at the present time an over-supply of dressmakers in the West End, and unless the beginner can positively rely on an extensive and influential connection she had better shun that quarter and choose a country town which

believe it was generally believed in West Africa that I was a sort of Dido (Queen of Carthage) in search of a husband.

Why cannibals in particular should not appreciate unmarried women is not explained. To a gourmet, though, there are always subtleties which the ordinary palate fails to distinguish, or is it merely that spinsters are credited with being thinner than matrons?

"CHERCHER LA FEMME"

One of the most interesting articles in *Harper* is that on Cromwell and his Court, illustrated with old portraits. It refers in the first instance to the familiar legend of the spectre or vision which appeared to him in his obscure days and said, "Thou shalt be the greatest man in England," and then comments on the rather remarkable circumstance that almost at Cromwell's first appearance in the House of Commons his great kinsman, Hampden, spoke of him in almost the same words. The occasion was as follows:—

Lord Digby was going downstairs with Mr. Hampden, and not knowing Oliver personally, he said, "Pray, Mr. Hampden, who is that sloven?" for I see he is on our side by his speaking so warmly to-day." "That sloven," answered Hampden—"that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the King (which God forbid!)—in such case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England!"

And now at this late hour we are doing honour to the sloven by erecting busts to his memory. A more interesting story, though, which the writer brings to light, is concerned with the woman who warned Pym, Hampden, and the others that the King was coming down to the House to have them arrested. Who was the woman?

"You may be an engineer, Doyle, but from what I have seen of you I should think it very unlikely that you will be a civil one!"

Lord Brampton replies tersely, "What I am." Mr. Pinero writes:

My Dear Sir,—What I wanted to be? An omnibus conductor. When I was a boy, the conductor stood upon a little circular step at the back of the omnibus on the near side, holding on by a strap. It was a position, to my juvenile mind, fraught with much excitement and peril; and, after all, my present mode of life does not deviate materially from my earlier ambition. There is much in common between dramatic authorship and the perilous slippery perch of the old-fashioned omnibus conductor.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert writes from Harrow Weald:—

At the age of seventeen, when I first saw, at the Chobham Camp, a field battery "unlimber and action front," I made up my mind to be a Horse Artillery man. A year later war was declared with Russia, and for two years I studied classics, mathematics, chemistry, engineering, and land surveying with a view to obtaining, by competitive examination, a direct commission in the Royal Artillery. The examination for which I was reading was to have taken place at Christmas, 1855. The age limit was twenty, and I was due to be twenty on 18th of November in that year, but, owing to the exercise of a little indirect influence with Lord Panmure, my overplus of six weeks was forgiven me. But (unhappily, as I thought I then, but most fortunately as I think now) Sevastopol fell into the hands of the allies on the 9th September, 1855, and as it was supposed that peace would soon be declared—or that, at all events, there would be no immediate demand for more gunners—the examination was postponed for six months. My influence, effective enough up to six weeks, was not equal to this further strain upon its powers, and I had to give up all hope of ever wearing the "jacket." I went to the bar and, in a few years, sacrificed my infant practice on the altar of dramatic literature. And I am very glad I did!

Mr. Charles Wyndham wanted to be a clergyman, unlike most of his fellow actors, who seem to have panted for the stage since they were in petticoats, while Mr. Crockett saw great possibilities in the career of an engine-driver until he learned that this dizzy pinnacle could only be attained after an arduous apprenticeship of stoking.

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A VICAR'S COMMENTS

Mr. Rider Haggard's *Father's Diary* generally forms one of the most instructive chapters in *Longmans*. This month, in company with the vicar, he has been exploring the old parish registers at Bedingham Church, and has brought to light some quaint comments made by the Rev. Joseph Parsons, M.A., who was incumbent in 1725. This worthy seems to have liked adding some happy touch of descriptive comment to the bare record of birth or burial, but passing over his troubled comments on births, here are a few amusing death entries:—

1742. Susannah Gowin, single woman, aged 79. A miserable object, Thro' a fall in the Fire while an Infant, but always inoffensive, and always pitted.
1742. Richard Fairred, aged 78. Poor but Cheerful-Hearted and working to the last, extreme moderate in his desires but grateful; now admitted we hope to a Riches and Fulness, not prepared for the supine and lazy, the Ambitious and proud, unprofitable Spenders, or penurious Retainers of Superfluous wealth.

"What splendid phrases!" says Mr. Haggard. "Have we not all of us at some time been unprofitable Spenders, and are we not all acquainted with penurious Retainers of Superfluous wealth?"

1747. Charles Brown, a quiet, inoffensive, regular, and well disposed man, taken off suddenly, as we hope to peace, from evil which threatened.
1757. Martha Chipperfield, reputed wife of Eras. Jerry.
1759. Robert Plummer, Schoolmaster, a Steady Churchman and inoffensive neighbour, Indulgent to his Wife, well-affected towards his Minister; to the poor tender and Compassionate; To youth a painstaking Instructor, buried with regret.

SALMON FISHING IN THE THAMES

Mr. R. B. Marston's contribution to the *Nineteenth Century* on the prospects of the Londoner being able to enjoy his salmon fishing off the Thames Embankment, does not hold out any very brilliant prospect, but exceedingly interesting is his account of what has so far been done towards this desirable end. Between 1862 and 1880 Mr. Frank Buckland and others turned many thousands of young salmon into the Thames, but, as not a single one ever re-appeared above London Bridge, all attempts hitherto made to re-stock the river must be considered failures. However, the undoubted great improvement in the condition of the Thames, thanks to the Thames Conservancy and the London County Council, has revived the question, and the crux now seems to be can the unfortunate Thames provide water containing 50 per cent. of dissolved oxygen throughout the stretch between London and Erith. Evidence at present seems to say that throughout the greater part of the year there is not twenty per cent. However, the Thames Salmon Association, with a most influential committee, propose trying what may be done by turning into the tideway as large a number as possible of two-year-old salmon smelt just ready to go to sea, and conducting the experiment for five years. If salmon are subsequently seen in the neighbourhood of Teddington it will be proved that they can pass the estuary, but one cannot help thinking that a much simpler and briefer way of conducting the experiment would be to carry out a suggestion made by Sir Thomas Brady, late Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for Ireland. This experiment, which Mr. Marston wants to see tried, is to float down a wirework cage containing young salmon throughout the fifteen miles of turbid water between London and Erith. If they lived, there might be some prospect, in the near future, of approaching within reasonable distance of the desired state of things.

The Summer Musical Season

DURING Easter musical performances have been suspended except as to the sacred concerts, which on Good Friday, having a monopoly of public amusement, afforded entertainment to something like 100,000 people. The Alexandra Palace then re-opened for the like season, and *The Messiah* was given in accordance with Sir Frederick Bridge's version at the Albert Hall, and with Mozart's accompaniments in half a dozen other halls, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was revived at St. James's Hall, and also was given at the Alhambra, and various concerts took place at Queen's Hall and other places of entertainment.

The expectations that we should have a spring opera season at Easter at one of the London theatres have proved baseless, and until the regular Covent Garden season commences on May 8 we shall probably not hear opera at all. We understand that, as was anticipated, the Covent Garden troupe will be very materially increased, and that negotiations are now in progress with Frau Lilli Lehmann, the distinguished Wagnerian *prima donna* who some years ago sang at Covent Garden not only Isolde under Richter but also Violetta in *La Traviata*. In all probability a German basso, Herr Wachter, of Dresden, and a German baritone, Herr Bertram, of Munich, will likewise be engaged. Middle. Febea Strakosch, who will make her *debut*, is a niece, and not, as has been stated, a daughter of the late impresario Maurice Strakosch, Madame Patti's brother-in-law. She, during the past two seasons, has been singing in Milan, Genoa, and other Italian cities.

The Crystal Palace Concerts will be resumed to-day (Saturday), but the revival of Sir Arthur Sullivan's Symphony in E, which was last performed at the Crystal Palace in 1876, has been reserved until the last concert of the season, when it is hoped that Sir Arthur, who has now become a director of the Palace, will be back from Biarritz to conduct it. There will also be no concert on the 15th, but on the 22nd Miss MacIntyre will reappear, and a new vocal and choral piece, entitled *Young Lochinvar*, from the clever pen of Madame Liza Lehmann, will be produced for the first time. Mr. Manns' Benefit will take place on May 6, when he will, for the twenty-seventh time at these concerts, conduct Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

The Philharmonic Concerts will be resumed on the 19th, when the Russian pianist and composer Rachmaninow will make his London *debut*, playing his new Pianoforte Concerto, his Pianoforte Prelude in C sharp minor, and other compositions. Sergi Wassiliewitch Rachmaninow is still a comparatively young man of twenty-six. He was born at Novgorod, and studied at the Imperial Conservatory of Music, theory under Arenski, and pianoforte under Siloti, a pianist who has already appeared in this country. Rachmaninow's Pianoforte Concerto, curiously enough, is his Opus 1. The Philharmonic Concerts, on and after May 4, will be transferred to Thursday evenings, and before the season closes M. Paderewski, Madame Pancera, and Herr Rosenthal will appear, the great Polish pianist playing for the first time a new Concertstück in B flat, by Mr. Cowen. The composer Alexander Glazounow will likewise appear, and will conduct his new Symphony No. 6 in C minor. Also we are to see Herr Richard Strauss who will conduct one of his Symphonic Poems, and Dr. Villiers Stanford, who will conduct the first performance of his new "Con-

cert Variations upon an English Theme" for pianoforte and orchestra. Dr. Hubert Parry's ode, "Blest Pair of Sirens," will be sung by 150 members of the Leeds Festival Chorus, who will come to London on May 18 expressly to take part in the last movement of Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

One of the most important concert schemes during the coming season will be the so-called "London Musical Festival" announced by Mr. Robert Newman at Queen's Hall. In all eleven performances will be given in one week, commencing on May 8, the Queen's Hall orchestra alternating with the Paris band of M. Lamoureux.

William Jaggars, the Messenger Boy

THE District Messenger boy, William Jaggars, who was sent out to America to deliver some messages, with instructions to beat the mails—which he did by twelve hours—has achieved some considerable notoriety,



WILLIAM JAGGARS

though his record is likely to be outdone by the messenger who has just been despatched to California. Jaggars, who is said to have the travelling instinct, is the proud possessor now of a silver medal with clasps. The name of the recipient is inscribed on it with that of the donor, Mr. R. H. Davis, and the dates, "March 11th to March 29th, 1899," being the record of his famous journey. Another inscription is "Eight thousand miles in eighteen

days." The four bars on the blue ribbon to which the medal is attached are respectively inscribed, "London," "New York," "Chicago," "Philadelphia." Mr. Jaggars is reported not to think much of the service in America as compared with that of London. The messengers out there, he explained to a *Daily Graphic* representative, did pretty well as they liked, and loafed about the office, and discharged their work indifferently.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Reinhold Thiele.

INFLUENZA has inspired an Imperial composer with the curious idea of setting the epidemic to music. The Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch of Russia—who is the Prince of Wales's frequent companion at Cannes—has just published a spirited "Influenza March."

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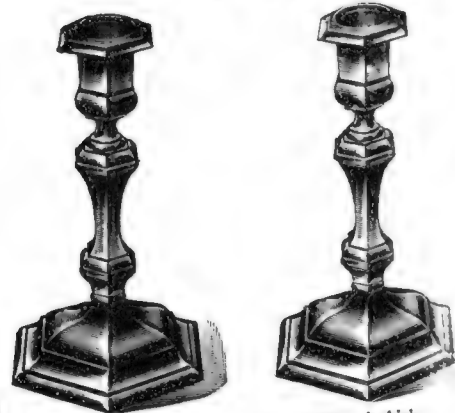
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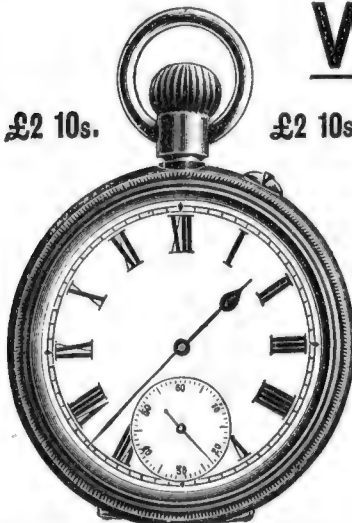
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New Novels

"LOVE AND OLIVIA"

MARGARET B. CROSS'S "Love and Olivia; being the Sentimental Troubles of a Clever Woman" (Hurst and Blackett), reminds us of nothing so much as of an old and well-trodden garden made bright—and fragrant too—with all the newest things in flowers. The garden is her plot, which is as old as the hills; the blossoms are

chiefly her characters, which are as up-to-date as may be. Olivia Wynworth had come out in one of the Cambridge triposes, "when male scholarship shrank before her, senior and alone." But none the less she had to play her part in the old, old story of getting engaged to one man and afterwards finding that she loved another, ending, in this case, with the right reassignment of two wrongly assorted pairs. It is a pleasant tale, never going below the surface of things, and prettily and often amusingly told—just the volume for some idle hour when rest and not excitement is what is wanted.

"THE MANDARIN"

There is but little prospect of a "Yellow Terror" if there be but two or three young Englishmen like the tremendous Paul Coningham, the autobiographic hero of Mr. Carlton Dawe's "The Mandarin" (Hutchinson and Co.). They should prove a match for the whole Celestial Empire. Paul, while on a visit to a missionary at Fong-Chin, naturally fell in love with his host's charming daughter, Rose, and thereby incurred the enmity of the great Mandarin Wang, who had his own designs upon the young lady. But not Wang with all his myrmidons, spies, poisoners, cut-throats, and all the rest, was in it with Paul, who must have appreciably diminished even the population of China before he carried his bride home. It is true he had an invaluable henchman in the person of a Chinese convert who had been a victim of Wang's cruelties; but then he was correspondingly hampered by his guardianship of Rose. The story is of adventure, and of nothing but adventure; and as such it leaves the most ravenous appetite nothing to desire.

"JANE TREACHEL"

Jane Treachel, *alias* Juanita Garcia, who gives the title to Mr. Hamilton Aidé's novel (Hurst and Blackett), was a circus rider turned governess, who tried to murder her pupil's mother with poisoned oranges in order—though with a husband living—to marry the father. That she was fascinating as well as wicked, we are duly informed. We are also informed that the novel has been dramatised by the author: so that Jane's attractiveness will have a chance of becoming more evident, and all the *dramatis personæ* of having a little life put into them, than is the case so far.

"ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF WOMEN"

Mr. Charles Burt Banks's "All Sorts and Conditions of Women: A Romance of the East End" (Elliot Stock) is in every respect a contrast to Mr. Richard Whiteing's "No. 5, John Street." The latter was a study of a poverty-stricken neighbourhood from its own standpoint and from within; Mr. Banks observes a similar district with the eyes, not of a denizen who knows, but of a philanthropist who speculates—which are very different eyes indeed. They are certainly considerably more optimistic; but that is of the nature of spectacles as compared with naked eyes. His particular theory seems to be that the solution of the social problem is to bring elevating influences to bear upon Woman—with the largest of initials; and so to transform her from the slave to the apostle of man. Women themselves, and clergymen with a special mission to women, are to be the instruments; and the prospective result as shown in the evolution of a glorified club, "The Woman's Own," whose members shall rejoice in unlimited tea and talk shall sing hymns, and listen to lectures by lady

journalists on "Husbands I Have Known." That the curate with the special mission shall marry the beautiful and well-to-do lady philanthropist goes without saying. The book is so admirably well-meant as to make one regret that it is all so wofully vague. None the less, good intentions can hardly fail to drop a suggestion worth consideration here and there; and readers who care little for its subject may find some sensational interest in the plot of a receiver of stolen goods to implicate an East End missionary, himself an ex-convict, in a false charge of burglary.



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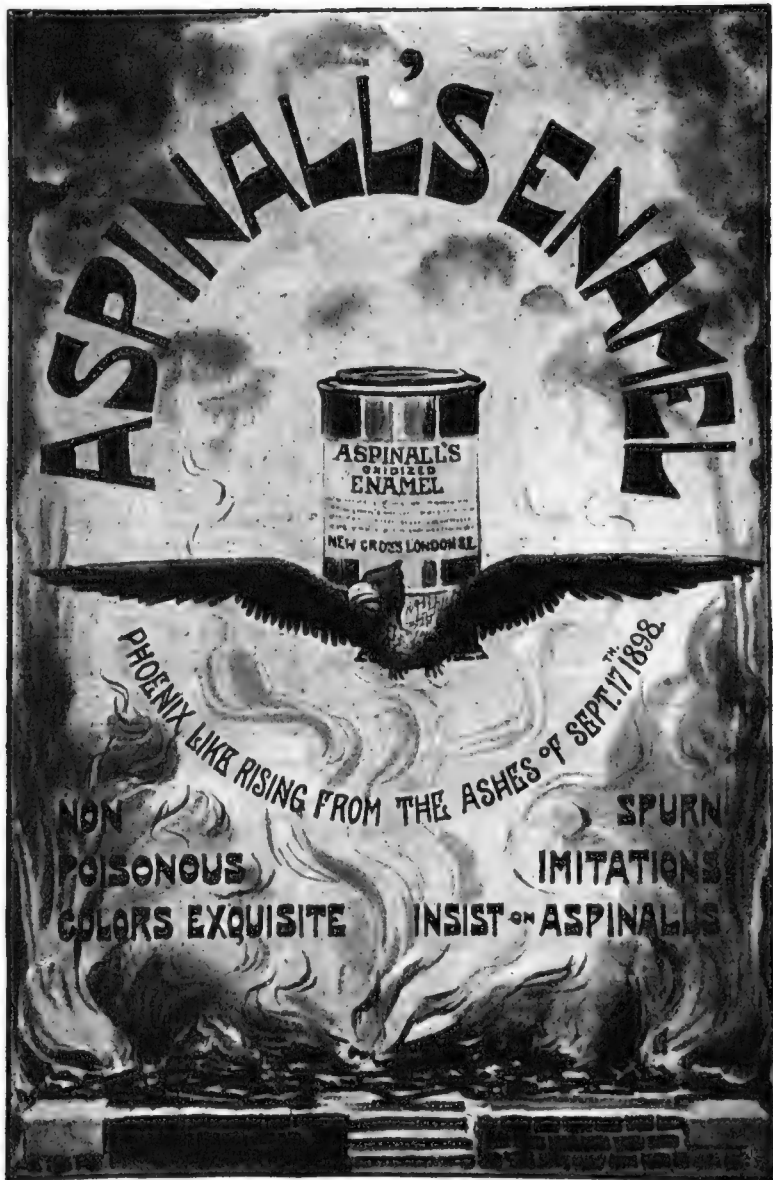
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The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"POT-POURRI, AN EASTER REVIEW"

A VISITOR who should go to the CORONET Theatre at Notting Hill this week in the spirit of Apemantus at Timon's feast would probably find nothing to approve in the *Pot Pourri, an Easter Review*, which Messrs. J. T. Tanner and W. H. Risque have prepared for the entertainment of Easter holiday playgoers; but those who are willing to give themselves up for three hours to diverting extravagances will be well rewarded for their visit. The piece is an attempt, and I may add a very successful attempt, to revive the old-fashioned review or general skit upon popular productions of the contemporary stage which was at one time in favour among us and which still holds its ground in France. Besides the numerous parodies of well-known incident in recent dramatic pieces, the author has introduced a sprinkling of references to such topics as Mr. Hooley and company promoting, Captain Dreyfus, and American bridesmaids and aristocratic English husbands, together with other like *actualités*, and in this they are strictly following precedent. The company, which is substantially the travelling troupe under the direction of Messrs. Morell and Mouillot, comprise no very distinguished names, but they display, for all that, a great deal of talent. Mr. Farren Soutar's subdued mimicry of Mr. Charles Hawtrey in the character of Lord Algy, together with the numerous other changes which that clever young actor goes through between the rise and fall of the curtain, are very amusing, and the cast numbers also a very clever leading lady in the person of Miss Leverenz, who sings and dances with inexhaustible spirit. Even more acceptable to the audience is Miss Claire Romaine in the part of a Protean lady's maid. This sprightly and faintly humorous young lady's song, "Mary was a Housemaid," was indeed the great success of the evening; though not less amusing were the parody of the Musketeers by Messrs. Allen, Adeson, and Porteous, and the song and grotesque dance of this humorous trio in the caricature of the elders of the Kirk in Mr. Barrie's *Little Minister*. The piece, which is furnished with some tuneful music by M. Lambelet, will probably, sooner or later, find rest from its peregrinations at a West End theatre; but, meanwhile, it may be found practicable to introduce some improvements. The subject of Captain Dreyfus is too sad a one to be handled with levity, and the figure of the unhappy prisoner of the Ile du Diable should at once be withdrawn. The rather clumsy arrangement of scenes with the repeated resort to "front cloths" might also undergo some modification. But, however, this may be the performance on Monday unquestionably afforded a crowded audience great pleasure. The *Review* will be played here every evening this week, besides a matinee on Saturday, after which the company, with their rather cumbersome equipment in the way of scenery, costume, and properties, will go upon its travels.

M. Sardou's unwillingness to accept the invitation to be present

at the first performance of his *Robespierre* at the LYCEUM cannot be due to any lack of interest in an event which will be unique in its way. This is the first occasion on which a French dramatist of the first rank has written an important play so directly for the English stage, and the LYCEUM audience might be relied on to acknowledge the compliment by giving the illustrious author a great reception. But it happens that on that night we have to welcome back Sir Henry Irving to the theatre from which he has long been absent under circumstances that have excited in more than a common degree the sympathies of his admirers. Two such receptions in one night would be a little too much. There is a professional etiquette in these matters, of which M. Sardou, though he pleads—and no doubt pleads sincerely—the pressure of his engagements at this time of year, is not likely to be unmindful.

Removed from the LYCEUM to make way for the return of Sir Henry Irving and the rehearsals of M. Sardou's *Robespierre*, *The Only Way* has settled down very auspiciously under the roof of the PRINCE OF WALES'S, where the first performance at this theatre of Mr. Freeman Wills's skilful version of "A Tale of Two Cities" was given before a full audience on Saturday evening. Mr. Martin Harvey's pathetic and essentially artistic impersonation of Sydney Carton has even gained in finish since the first night. The play is, indeed, extremely well acted by the company, which, with one or two not very important exceptions, leaves the original cast unchanged.

The playgoing section of the Utah gold miners are something like enthusiasts. Having come to the conclusion that the widely popular American actress, Miss Maud Adams, is "worth her weight in gold," they have resolved to give expression to their feeling by having a life-size statue of the lady cast solid in that precious metal, which is to be shown at the Paris Exhibition. Its value will, it is said, be 68,000, or 340,000 dollars, and it will represent Miss Adams in her famous part of Lady Babbie in *The Little Minister*. Nothing more substantial than the glory of the thing, however, is to fall to the young actress's share, for it is expressly stated that when the exhibition closes its door the statue is to be cast into the melting pot and the proceeds returned to the miners who have lent their precious ore for the occasion.

If the new passion for costume plays—and particularly for plays that illustrate French history—is not yet exhausted, it is pretty certain that we shall see on our stage ere long a version of M. Moreau's play, in five acts, which has just been produced at the Paris VAUDEVILLE with the title of *Madame de Lavalette*. The scene is in Paris—the time 1815-16—that is the early days of the Bourbon Restoration, known in history from the vindictiveness of the Royalist clergy and the returned *émigrés* towards their political opponents as that of "The White Terror." Those who are familiar with Erckmann-Chatrain's novel *Waterloo* will be no strangers to the spirit of those times.

The heroine is a niece of the Empress Josephine, who, by order of the irresistible Emperor, has married Lavalette, Napoleon's Postmaster, and has no great love for her fond husband till she finds

that anxiety for her safety has induced him to linger in Paris until he falls into the hands of his enemies and is condemned to die. It is then very prettily shown how gratitude and admiration somewhat tardily blossom into love. What follows is chiefly concerned with the efforts of the lady to bring about her husband's escape and aid him to conceal himself in Paris. Louis XVII., for whom the faithful wife lies in wait in the galleries of the Tuileries, plays a conspicuous part in the play; so does his niece, the haughty and revengeful Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI., and many other distinguished personages of the day. Though the human interest in M. Moreau's play is strong, its special glory is the pains that have been taken to make it a faithful presentation of an episode in French history, as well as a not less faithful reproduction of the manners and the spirit of those times.

Our theatreless towns are fast making up for their neglect of the drama. The comfortable well-to-do town of Bedford, where a handsome new playhouse was formally opened on Saturday evening last, is the latest example.

A Silver Challenge Shield

THE shield has been designed and manufactured to the order of Earl Grey, and presented by him to the National Co-operative Festival. It is of sterling silver, mounted upon a bronze and oak back, and surmounted by a finely modelled figure of Victory. Below



is a plaque bearing an engraving of the Crystal Palace, where the Festival is held annually. The remainder of the design consists of appropriate trophies of musical instruments relieved by floral decoration. Surrounding the border are smaller shields for the purpose of recording the winning choir's name each year. These shields are supported upon branches of laurel entwined with ribbons inscribed with the names of eminent composers.

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of merit marks, and shall become the property of the Society first winning it in three annual competitions not necessarily consecutive. The shield has been awarded to be held in trust by the Bradford Co-operative Society in Yorkshire for the present year, as their choir made the best score in 1898 with 94 points.

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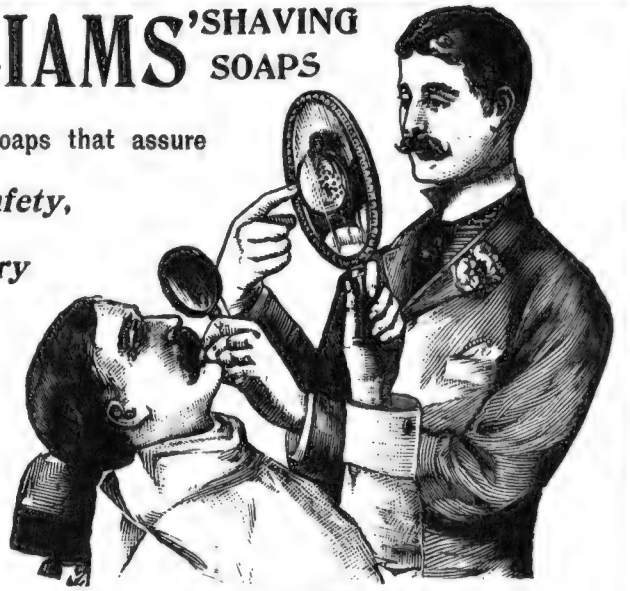
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RULES

1. No competitor to send in more than six photographs, whether mounted or unmounted.
2. In every case a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.
3. Acknowledgment will be made in *The Graphic* week by week of all photographs received.
4. Photographs will be received any time up to June 1, 1899.
5. The name and address of the sender and the title of the subject should be legibly written on the back of each photograph.
6. Photographs may represent either figures land or sea scapes, animals, architecture, &c.
7. Every endeavour will be made to return unused photographs, but the manager will not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.
8. All communications to be addressed to the Manager of *The Graphic* Amateur Photographic Competition, 190, Strand London, W.C.

The Late Miss Rose Leclercq

ROSE LECLERCQ, the best exponent on the English stage of the *grande dame*, was the daughter of Mr. Charles Leclercq, a successful actor and manager, and sister of Carlotta Leclercq, whose association with Fechter in some of his greatest triumphs is well remembered by elderly playgoers. With Carlotta she played at the Princesses Theatre during the memorable seasons there under the management of Charles Kean, and among her colleagues in those early days were Miss Heath, and Miss Kate and Miss Ellen Terry. She was the Ceres in *The Tempest* when played before the Queen and Royal Family at Windsor. She was the Astarte of Byron's *Manfred* when Phelps played the title part at Drury Lane in 1863. Then came a long and hard-working time of training and experience in the provinces, at the end of which she had risen to the level of "leading lady." She played with Helen Faucit, being the Celia to that great artist's Rosalind; with Fechter in *Hamlet*, *Ruy Blas*, *Don Cesar*, and *The Corsican Brothers*; and she was the Desdemona, Ophelia, and Lady Macbeth to Phelps's Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth. With such an experience it may well be imagined that Miss Rose Leclercq acquired that distinguished style which to the very last made her one of the foremost of our actresses. It was as Lady Bellaston in *Sophia*, in 1886, at the Vaudeville, that she first identified herself with the kind of part in which during the last thirteen years she obtained so much additional fame. She was the Marie Leczinska in *The Pompadour*, with Mr. Beerbohm Tree; Lady Staunton in *Captain Swift*, and Madame Fourcanada in *Esther Sandraz*, every one of them finished studies. Later she played Lady Bawtre in *The Dancing Girl*, the Hon. Mrs. Fretwell in *Sowing the Wind*, and Lady Wargrave in *The New Woman*. Her Mrs. Beechiner in the *Maneuvers of Jane* at the Haymarket was her last character, and she was playing it with all her charm so recently as last Saturday week. Miss Rose Leclercq leaves a son, Mr. Fuller Mellish, in the theatrical profession. Our portrait is from a photograph by Alfred Ellis.



THE LATE ROSE LECLERCQ

THE ZOO IS REJOICING IN A NEW ANIMAL never before seen in England—the Cape jumping hare. Like a kangaroo or a jerboa, it has enormously long hind legs, and can jump from twenty to thirty feet at a stride.

An Army Football Challenge Cup

THE Punjab-Bengal Army Football Association Challenge Cup is competed for annually on the plains by the regiments stationed in the Punjab and Bengal commands. It has been won successively by the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch, and the 1st Battalion of the Prince Albert's Somersetshire Light Infantry, who are the present holders.



Rural Notes

CHEAP FLOUR

OWING to the extremely large shipments of flour from America during the quarter ending Lady Day last, the prudent English housewife can now buy really fine flour full of nitrogenous and muscle-forming constituents at the extremely low price of 23s. per 280lb. sack. This is the price of the best in the market, while very sound, good palatable flour can be bought at a sovereign per sack. It is to be hoped that many English households will return to the practice of making their own bread. It is not an unpleasant labour, and the saving is very material in more ways than one.

THE SEASON

The frost disappeared as suddenly as it came, but we find that we underrated its effects. A tour through the gardens of several good properties near London has disclosed a serious "massacre" of forward growths, and it is remarkable that bulbous plants, which are usually very hardy in this respect, have suffered in many cases to the entire withering of this year's incipient flower growth. The injury done to the young lambs was also severe, and the mortality in the flocks was gravely increased. The visitation and its disappearance were equally unpredicted, and it is becoming a matter worthy of close consideration whether the Government should not decide on one of two courses—either to discontinue their yearly subvention to the clerk of the weather, or to spend more and provide stations about 500 miles to the west and east respectively of the British Isles. These stations would give us twenty-four hours' warning of a storm and thirty-six to forty-eight hours' warning of ordinary weather travelling towards us. The fine though somewhat gloomy weather at Eastertide was enjoyed by the many thousands of holiday makers, though the countryward exodus is not much checked by weather considerations, and after three months without a holiday the British public breaks out in all its strength be it wet or be it fine. It is perhaps a pity that we cannot give up the irritating "early closing days" and the crowded "beanfeasts" and "outings" and make a public holiday of the first Monday in every month, irrespective of Church festivals, which have the immense disadvantage of varying over a period of nearly a whole month. The season, as the town visitors to the country found it this Easter, was

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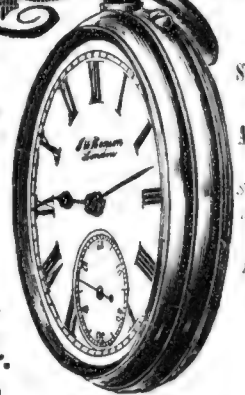
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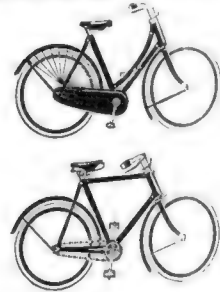
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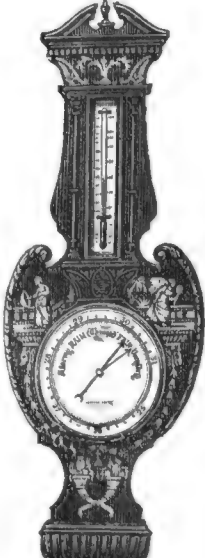
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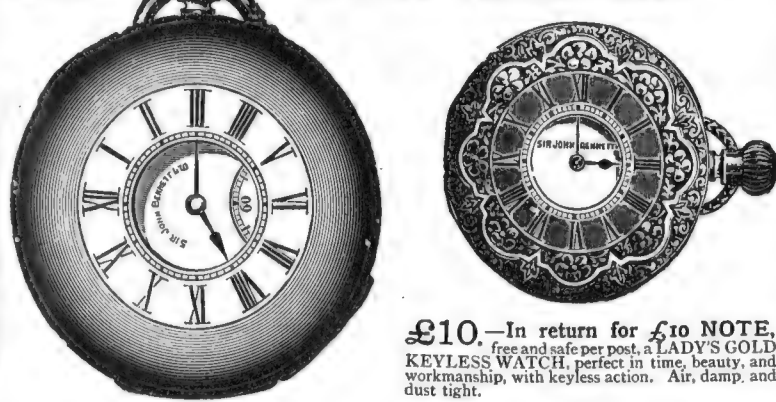
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backward, not forward. No spring birds had arrived, the chestnut leaf buds were only just forming, even the elder leaves were but little developed. The early varieties of fruit had been robbed of their blossom by the cruel frost of the Vernal Equinox week, and the show of flowers at country houses has seldom been so poor in the first week of April. London, which relies upon the Riviera, is better served, but even at Covent Garden the poor supplies of "real English" flowers were commented upon, and at Covent Garden the term English is stretched by the most conscientious to include Scillonian and Channel Islands products.

LATIFUNDIA

Seneca noticed, and Pliny, if we remember rightly, emphasized the danger of "large fields," a danger which the best historians, from Gibbon onwards, have agreed in admitting to have been very real for the Roman Empire, in fact, "the beginning of the end." Mr. Wells, in his current novel, foresees the countless herds of the Food Trust and vast tracts of England devoted to those "large fields"

which are the mark of big ownership and of pastoral rather than cereal culture. The veteran writer, to whom the signature "Agricola" has been by general assent allowed *par excellence*, has been reminding us that he is old enough to remember when the present danger of urban population increasing over the rural was reversed, and when it was difficult to get gentry to reside in many rural parts because of the burdens imposed by a labouring class far in excess of the work for them. The difficulty of making small holdings pay increases with the competition of large holdings on which the latest machinery is intelligently used, and the fall in the area under cereals which seemed to be arrested last year, is not certain to be escaped after such low prices as seem assured, with peace, for the next few months. The whole subject is full of interest to urban as well as to rural inhabitants, for the town population is already suffering through the immigration of too many raw hands from the country, and the rearing of young children in the great cities is surrounded by many difficulties which do not occur in the villages. The quality of rural labour is also deteriorating as

well as the quantity, for intelligent lads get away from the village as soon as possible. The appetite for pleasure has largely increased among the English people since the days that "Agricola" can remember, and we cannot dismiss with a mere smile Mr. Grant Allen's suggestion that the always underrated Celtic element in England itself is beginning to dominate. The village is undeniably dull, and for seven months of the year at least the climate makes it an advantage to have few long walks from "home" to places of entertainment and back again. The ordinary conditions of "supply and demand" would suggest that wages should be highest where the drawbacks to life are greatest, and this prevails in many services. The "Indian Civil" averages at least twice as high pay as that in London for the "Home" or "Inland Revenue" Offices. But with town and country wages in England the reverse is the case, and the wages average lowest in the least desirable districts, those farthest from "lively" towns. Farmers do not make enough to pay good wages, but the towns value cheap food too much to let farmers make a good income.

BABY'S SKIN

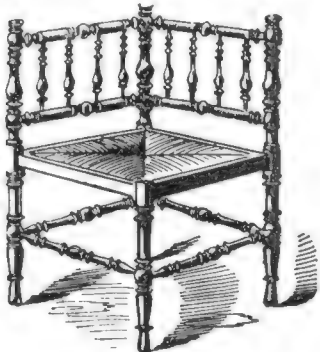
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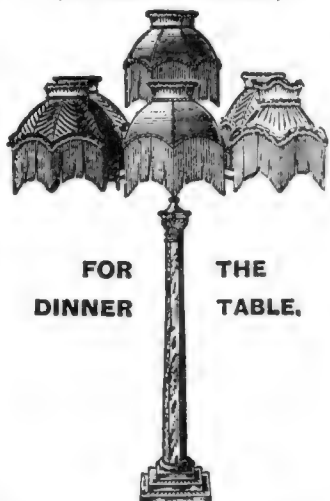
writes that he has fully appreciated the beneficial effects of this Tonic Wine and has forwarded to Mr. Mariani as a token of his gratitude a gold medal bearing his august effigy.



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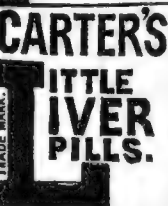
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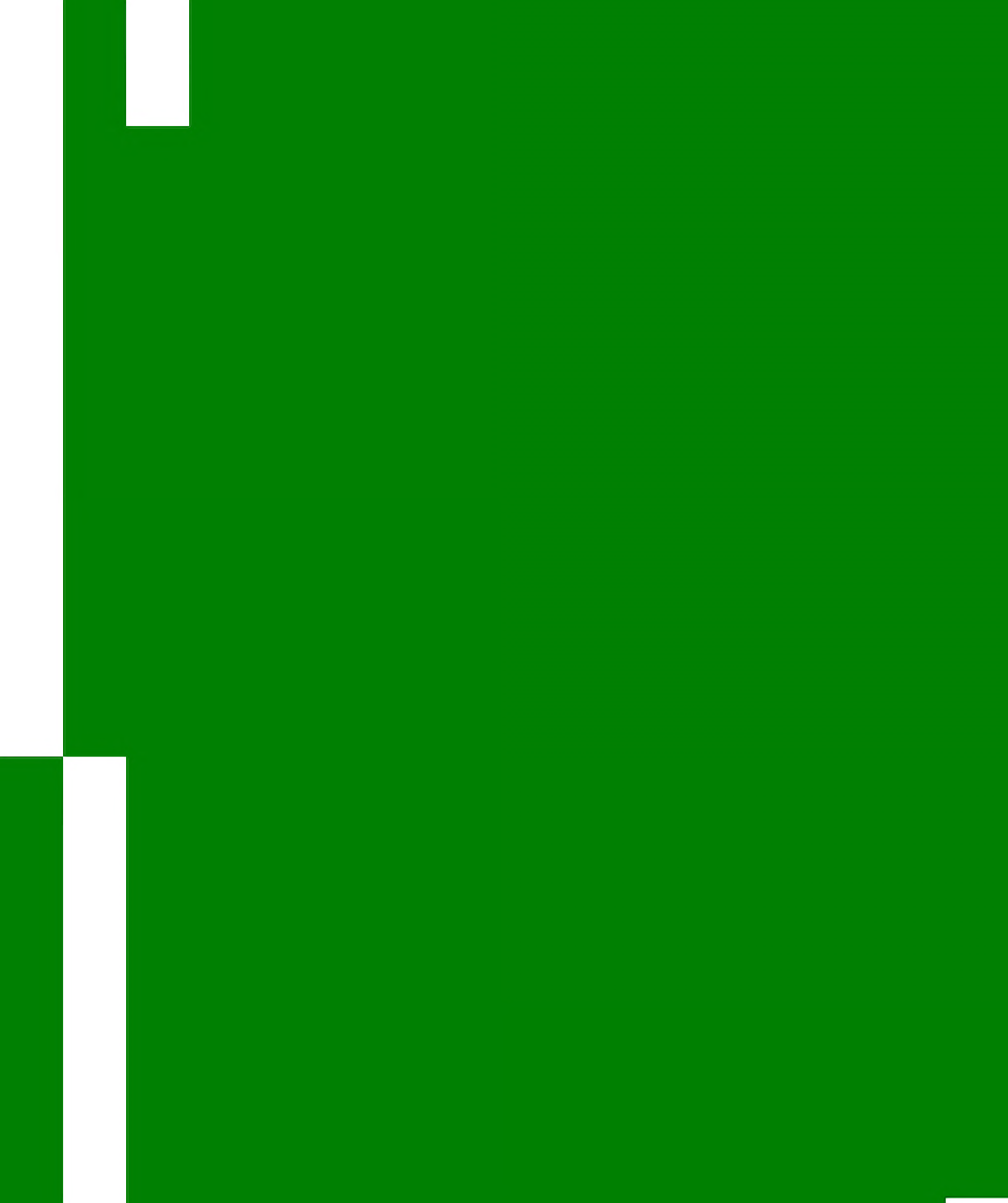
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